JOHN BULL, APRIL 25, 1931
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

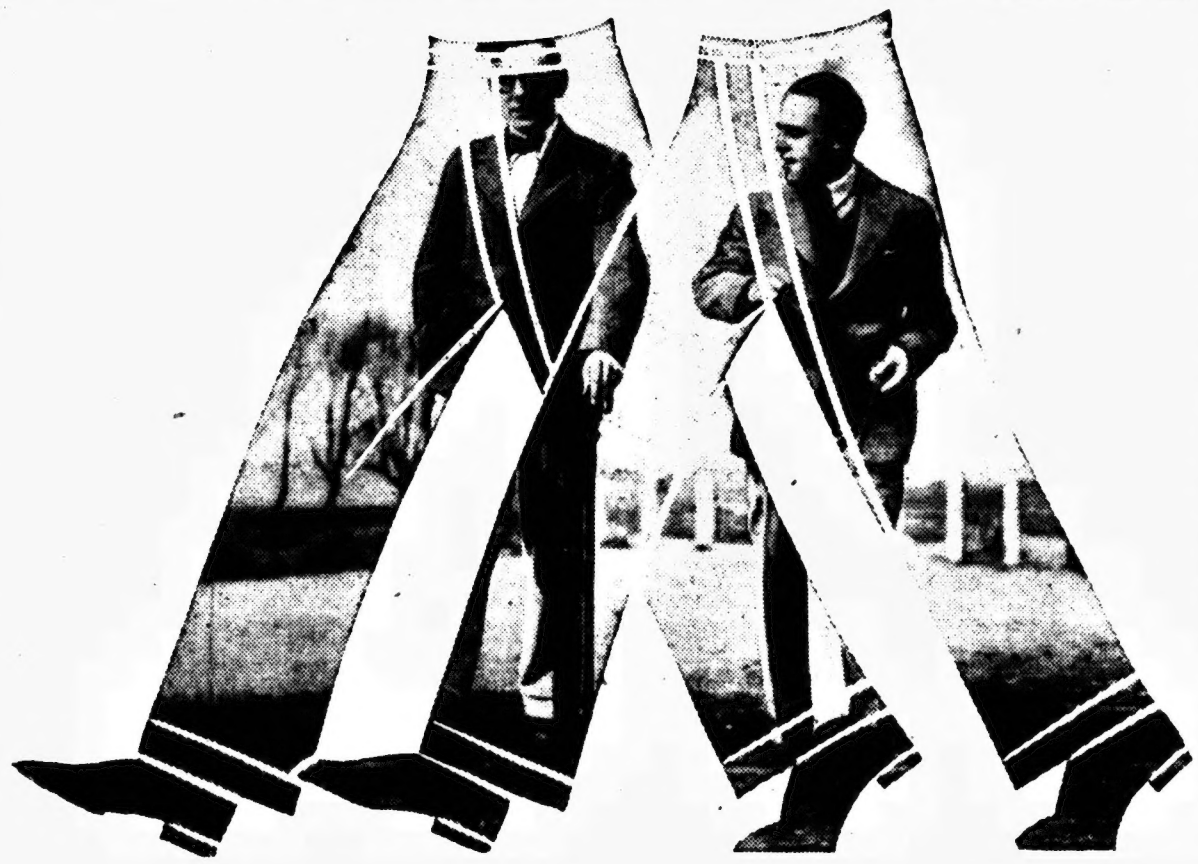
OVER A MILLION SALE

Vol. XLIX.
No. 1297.

WHAT-EVER YOU DO

"232" FLANNELS 45/-

WEAR TWO-THREE-TWO



"Two-Three-Two's" are famous flannels because they're fine flannels—finer far than you'd expect for the price you pay—and fine company on all occasions. They're cut for comfort, yet with a practised eye to style, from cloth which an exclusive finishing process has rendered amazingly durable and immune from fading, rubbing or shrinking throughout the whole of its long life. All good outfitters can fit any figure immediately from the unique range of 64 fittings. In four shades, Silver Ash, Silver Tone, Light and Dark Grey ... ...

14/11
(Outsizes slightly extra)

To go with your "232's"—A "Sandom" Handycoat

A jacket to slip into when you turn from work to play—the kind of coat that suggests pipes and a yarn—that's the "Sandom" Handycoat. It's made by the makers of "232" in over fifty pleasing patterns and many more well-tailored sizes. Ask to see one in your "232" shop.

21/-
27/6 & 35/-

IF YOU PLAY TENNIS—TAKE SERVICE FROM "CENTACORT" WHITE FLANNELS - - - - - - - - - - - 21/-

Write for Free "232" and "Sandom" Handycoat Booklet to "232" Manager of Sales, 38, Wood Street, London, E.C.2.

"232" Grey Flannels are obtainable in West Africa solely from the Stores of the United African Co., Ltd., and associated Companies.

AND A "SANDOM" HANDYCOAT

Ask for "Two-Three-Two" by name — no other value's quite the same.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue B., Cochrane, Sons & Co., 2, Thomas Street, Manchester.

60-PAGE wholesale Drapery, Catlg.; also ABC Guide, direct from actual mfrs., free; read page 56 of "Seven Ways to Make a Living in Drapery." Examples of our prices: Men's Shirts 18/11 doz.; other bargains in stock.—Wolfson, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST wholesale house for beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind; good profits. 200-page Catalogue free.—May (173), George St., Birmingham.

88-PAGE 1931 Wholesale Drapery Ctlgs., now ready. Post free. Finest in the Trade. Perfect, reliable and repeatable goods of quality and Value. Keenest prices. All depts. Ladies', Men's, Childs', Household. Best Discount Terms. Satis. gntd. Wholesale only to the Trade.—Myers & Co., 7, Trinity Street, Leeds.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for Dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (Wholesale only).—Levy Bros., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

WANTED BY JOHN NOBLE, LTD., ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS.—The ideal Club Leads for value! Big commission, little trouble, no expense. Marvellous bargains in Fashions, Footwear, Furniture, Bedding, Outfitting, etc. Over 50 years' reputation for value and service. SEND P.C. NOW for particulars and most wonderful Bargain Catalogue ever published.—John Noble, Ltd. (Dept. A.7), Manchester.

CLUB AGENTS wanted. — Liberal comm. Household Bargains. WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE.—The Nova Trading Co., Ltd., 74, Villa Street, Birmingham.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, 1,000 Club Organisers. Popularity of our Clubs has necessitated opening larger premises. Write now for 1931 cat. and partics. Highest Commission, Expenses and Value. No trouble or humbug.—Hardy & Co. (Leeds), Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Garforth, Leeds.

AGENTS wanted, spare time, sell cut lengths, dress materials, remnants, shoes. Sale or return. Good comm.—Edmondson, 10, Hope St., Bradford.

£2 BONUS and Half Profit. Sell 1/- packets of Private Printed Stationery; whole or spare time; either sex; samples and full equipment free to approved applicants. Write now, J. B. CARTER, Printer, Bedminster, Bristol.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening. FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7) or write. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner House.)

POLICE.—Forces being increased. Over 500 men shortly needed. Splendid pay and prospects. If over 5 ft. 9 in. and under 27 apply for FREE details of Entrance Examination from B.T.I., 29b, Oxford Street, W.1.

IMMEDIATE EMPLOYMENT offered in the Army to men between 18 and 25. Good pay. Free food, clothing, housing. Plenty of sport. Holidays on full pay.—Apply any Recruiting Office or Drill Hall.

POLICE ENTRANCE EXAM.—Expert postal tuition. Success guaranteed. For partics. write ServiceCorrespondenceColleges, Thatcham, Newbury.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10: Welsh, 3/3. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Phone: Chancery 8113.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads from 3/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. S.a.e. f.ee —C.eteway Pre.s, 83, Buxted, Sussex.

SHOPKEEPERS!
USE THIS FREE SERVICE.
Local trade is limited, so why not increase sales by mail order, the modern method of trading, and display your goods in *John Bull's* "SHOP WINDOW." *John Bull* is ready to give you frank advice on the subject of selling by post and prepared to have your advertisement expertly designed and written. A shopkeeper writes: "Yours is surely the most helpful service ever offered to the small but progressive retailer." Why not find out whether your goods are suitable for Mail Order? You entail no obligation and the service is quite free! Write now: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

FREE GIFT to all who advertise in next week's "EXCHANGE AND MART," the world's wonder weekly for private sales and exchanges. 2d., every Thursday, all newsagents. Specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., London, E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1¼ lb. 5/-, for Socks, etc. White, Grey, Navy, 3/4. Colours 3/10 lb., post free. Patts., Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS, Non-Combine, from 2½d. roll. Book of 1931 designs free.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co. (late of Leeds), 21, Shields Rd., Newcastle/Tyne.

CARNIVAL, Dance, Party, Hats, Balloons, Novelties, Wigs. List (J) FREE.—Becks British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

WOOLS SALE.—Sports 1½d., Silky 2½d., Rug 1/-, Cable 1/8 lb. 800 spls. Illustrated Rug Guide Free.—Scotia Wools, 156, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. S), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

SHOCKPROOF WATCHES.—6/- secures remarkable new pocket timekeeper, which stands shocks, falls, motor-cycling vibrations. Unbreakable glass, unbreakable balance—ideal for workers. Money-back guarantee. Send to-day. —Pope & Co., 98, Queen's Road, HASTINGS.

ASTOUNDING Offer! Mats given with beautiful Axminster Rugs, 27" x 54". 10/6. Carr. paid. Clarbel, 294, Oldham Rd., Failsworth, M'chester.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 27s.
Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

WALLPAPERS.—Largest pattern book published, post free. Latest designs, lowest prices. —Blakey Morris (London), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 55 and 56, London Road, Elephant, S.E.1.

BARGAIN Suits from 39/6. Satis. gtd. Latest Styles. Write patterns NOW.—Harrisons, Clothiers, St. Bernard Ave., Pontefract, Yorks.

BLOUSES. Semi-made in Crepe, Art, Silk, Linen, all shades and sizes, embroidered, from 10d. to 3/-. Write for Illus. Price List.—"Blouse France," 11, Rue des Tournelles, Paris.

CAMPERS, Hikers, etc.—Tent 21/-, Rucsacs 5/-, Post 9d. Packs 3/6, Post 9d. Haversacks 1/-, Post 4d.—Bailey's Stores, Langley, Bucks.

WOOL sale 1d., 1½d., 2½d. oz. Silky 2½d. oz. 6-ply 1/-, 1/3, 1/6 lb., Cable 1/11½ lb. Samples free.—Newcastle Wools (Dept. 71), 160, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SHOCKPROOF UNBREAKABLE WATCHES for 5/- each. Can be knocked or dropped, they still go! Money refunded if not satisfied. Send today. (J.B.) Savage, 264, Denman St., Nottingham.

FILL in the coupon in the BARRY TAILORING advt. on page 14 for Spring patterns and Style Book.

FAITH BROS.' Monster Bargain Catalogue is offered free in the advt. on page 28.

AN "UNDERWOOD" PORTABLE TYPEwriter for 21/- down. Fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 29 for illustrated Booklet No. 28 and details of a free trial offer.

WRITE for the SELFRIDGE ILLUSTRATED CYCLE LIST offered in the advt. on page 34. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

SEVERAL CYCLE OFFERS appear in this issue. FREE CATALOGUES are offered by GRAVES (p. 14), BOBBY (p. 34), RUDGE WHITWORTH (p. 14), RALEIGH (p. 29), HERCULES (p. 23).

FREE.—Write for "232" and "SANDOM" HANDYCOAT booklets," as offered on the Front Cover announcement, to "232," Manager of Sales, 38, Wood Street, London, E.C.2.

JAY'S *for* VALUE

Here is just the very furniture (especially designed by Jay's) to meet present day furnishing needs. Jay's vast organisation enables them to offer value which is beyond competition—see the actual articles at their showrooms.

FREE DELIVERY: Customers' fares paid on orders of £20 upwards

JAY'S SUPER SYSTEM	
Worth	Month
£30 ...	12/-
£50 ...	20/-
£100 ...	40/-
£250 ...	100/-

HANDSOME BEDROOM SUITE—in beautifully figured oak, comprising large size wardrobe, triple frameless mirror three-drawer dressing table, three-drawer cabinet, perfectly finished and fitted throughout. Incomparable value at this price.

CASH PRICE **£14 17 6** or **10/-** Monthly

JAY'S FURNISHING STORES

Please SEND POST FREE your Handsome Catalogue.

Name .....

Address .....

(Dept. J.B.)

OPEN ALL DAY SATURDAYS

OVER 120 BRANCHES Post Coupon (open envelope ½d. stamp) to the branch nearest you

248-249-250, TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1 (Oxford St. End) Open until 8 p.m. Sats.

HAMMERSMITH .....120, King St., W.6
225, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE RD., S.E.
BOW ..... 165, Bow Road, E.3
CHELSEA .....363, Fulham Road, S.W.10
CRICKLEWOOD ...140, Broadway, N.W.2
ELEPHANT ... 96-97, London Road, S.E.1
PALMERS GREEN ...25, Green Lanes, N.13
STOKE NEWINGTON ...68-90 High Street
CLAPHAM ...59, 61, 63, High St., S.W.4
STRATFORD ...279-281, High Street, E.15
THORNTON HEATH .....58, High Street
HOLBORN .....51, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1
PADDINGTON ...219, Shirland Road, W.9
HOLLOWAY .....162, Holloway Road, N.7
PADDINGTON .....262, Harrow Rd., W.2
KING'S CROSS ...212, Caledonian Rd., N.1
345-347, KENTISH TOWN ROAD, N.W.5
UPTON PARK .....361, Green Street, E.13
WHITECHAPEL, 222, Whitechapel Rd., E.
WIMBLEDON ..... 81, Broadway, S.W.19
CROYDON ..... 5, London Road
READING ..... 47, Minster Street
WATFORD ..... 35-37, High Street
WORTHING ..... 15-17, Rowlands Road
WOKING ..... 11, The Broadway
BRIGHTON ..... 127, Queen's Road

HAVE A WATCH which keeps good time. Ten years' written guarantee is given with the model advertised in "JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW" by J. W. Allen & Co. You can obtain one by merely sending a postcard mentioning *John Bull*.

GILBERT TAILORING OFFER.—Suit lengths entirely free. The offer is fully described in the advertisement of Gilbert Clothing Co., on page facing.

FREE.—JAY'S, the world-famous Furnishing Stores, offer their Bargain Catalogue to readers filling in the coupon in the large advt. on this page.

DRESS.

BABY'S BETTER QUALITY LAYETTE, 30/— 73 modern home-made garments. Silk and Wool Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Wool Coats, Nighties, etc. Gntd. unequalled Bargain. Over 5,000 true testimonials received. Prove the best by sending 2/- for parcel on approval, then judge yourself. A Mother 16 years' experience.—Mrs. J. Howard, 86, Dover Road, Portsmouth. (Cash or Terms.)

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, Motors, Parts. Cat. Free. Cash or terms. Build £12 model for £2. Instructions 2d.—J. Burt, 188, High St., Deptford.

FREEMANS CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY.

"THE POULTRY WORLD"—a complete weekly guide to profits from poultry-keeping. Full of money-making tips. Free expert advice service. Get this week's issue; 2d. at all newsagents. Specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct. Save middlemen's profits. Indian and Ceylon blended. Empire blend, 4 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 12/-. Standard blend, 4 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 12/-. No. 1 dust, 7 lb. 5/-. 10 lb. 7/-. Special dust, 7 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 8/-. All carriage paid.—Foulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

TEA.—Delicious, Specially Blended. Highly Recommended. 10 lb. 11/-, 4 lb. 4/6, 2 lb. 2/3, 4 lb. 6/6, 2 lb. 3/3, 4 lb. 8/-. Carr pd. Special Prices Large Quantities.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, E.15.

YOU have never tasted BETTER TEA, and you have never paid so little. 4 lb. and upwards carriage paid. Sample and price list on request to The Indian & Chinese Tea Co. (Ref. 104), 26, Mincing Lane, London, E.C.3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridvard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful: no lumpy pads, no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 258T, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Troubles, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-. Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Sp!. 34.

WHOOPING COUGH.—Vapo-Cresolene allays irritat on, quickly relieves spasmodic cough and difficulty in breathing.—Write for Free Booklet No. 69 to Allen & Hanbury's, Ltd., London, E.C.2.

NASAL CATARRH. Sufferers from this distressing complaint are guaranteed immediate relief with the Medical specific Pyorrhosol, or purchase money returned in full. Send 3/- for a supply or write for full particulars. DO IT NOW and get comfort at last. Dept. 210, Pyorrhosol, 165/7, Waterloo Road, S.E.1.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on quack remedies; cure yourself as I did. Interesting book on cure of Self-Consciousness sent privately for 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.1.

PILES.—Instant relief GUARANTEED by using the Donovan Pile Instrument, or money refunded. Price 7/6. — Write for booklet to THE DONOVAN SURGICAL CO., (Dept. 108), WITNEY CHAMBERS, BARKING, ESSEX.

FREE.—INDIGESTION SUFFERERS can obtain a sample of DR. JENNER'S ABSORBENT LOZENGES. This offer appears in the advt. on page 24.

EVERY mother should send for a sample of WOODWARD'S famous GRIPE WATER. Fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 28 for free sample, and enclose necessary postage.

STEEDMAN'S famous Book, "Hints to Mothers," will be sent FREE to all readers mentioning *John Bull*. See advt. on page 32.

A FREE SAMPLE of "MAN-ZAN" is offered to Hemorrhoid sufferers on page 34.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 10, Woodstock St., London, W.1.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Row, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS.
Crystallised or Bright.
Most delicious. All Sweet Shops.

£6 P.O. PROFIT for you. Sell bedlinens, overalls, hosiery, etc. Wholesale cat. free. Write, Nicholson, Broadway Chambers, W.6.

RATS and mice are attracted by PODINE. They eat it greedily, die instantly, leave no smell. Never fails. Utter extermination assured. All chemists, 7½d. and 1/3. Post 3d. extra or direct from Podine Works, Perth.

"HEALTH AND STRENGTH," the leading health, athletic and physical culture weekly. Take it every Tuesday and make your life brighter and happier! 2d. all newsagents. Specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

A NEW KIND OF THRILLER! Truth is stranger than fiction. See the amazing collection of actual crime stories taken from last year's calendar in "THE CRIME ANNUAL." Vividly told and complete with all details. Price 2/- only at all bookstalls, or 2s. 3d. from the publishers, F. V. White & Co., Ltd., 6, Greville Street, E.C.

"WHO'S WHO IN FILMLAND." There are only a few more copies left of "Who's Who in Filmland," the Debrett of the Screen. In it you can read about 1,700 Film Stars, Producers, Players and Scenario Writers. Price (stiff fingerboard cover), 2s. 6d.; post free 2s. 9d.—(coloured cover), 3s. 6d.; post free 3s. 9d.—Picturegoer Salon, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

THE Proprietors of COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM will be pleased to send a week's supply FREE OF CHARGE to any reader of *John Bull* who writes to Colgate's, Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1. Mention *John Bull*. This offer appears in the advt. on page 27.

FREE.—A wonderful book which every *John Bull* reader should possess—the NESTLE'S NEW BOOK OF FREE GIFTS, containing a variety of lovely and useful possessions that have never been offered before. Send for this NOW, and with it obtain a voucher for 5 free coupons. Simply fill in the coupon in the NESTLE'S CHOCOLATE advt. on page 25.

A WONDERFUL Offer. Turn to page 16 now. Fill in the coupon now, while you think of it, for a copy of the amazing B.D.V. GOLDEN GIFT BOOK showing in colour 275 treble-value Gifts offered in exchange for coupons from B.D.V. Cigarettes.

WRITE for Catalogue No. D.4, offered in the C.A.V. Battery and Accumulator advt. on the Back Cover.

LUCKY BIRTH-STONE RING

WITH YOUR LUCK LEGEND

No. 1 GARNET	for	JAN.
" 2 AMETHYST	"	FEB.
" 3 BLOOD	"	MAR.
" 4 SAPPHIRE	"	APRIL
" 5 EMERALD	"	MAY
" 6 AGATE	"	JUNE
" 7 RUBY	"	JULY
" 8 DIAMOND	"	AUG.
" 9 CHRYSOLITE	"	SEPT.
" 10 OPAL	"	OCT.
" 11 TOPAZ	"	NOV.
" 12 TURQUOISE	"	DEC.

1/6 POST FREE

Very dainty high-grade Lady's or Gent's Ring, with your own Lucky Stone, perfect in cut, colour and brilliance. Keeps its colour. Guaranteed 5 years. Adjustable to fit any size finger. Wonderful bargain just to introduce our list. State Birth month number for Stone required. Price 1/6 and 3d. for Plush-lined Presentation Case to protect Ring in post. Send P.O. 1/9 to

Wm. PENN & CO. (Dept. 29),
682, HOLLOWAY ROAD, LONDON, N.19.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly. Send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

You can send your money to these advertisers as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under JOHN BULL'S famous guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 12

TAILORED FOR YOU CLOTH FREE

Our problem is to get "Gilbert" Tailor-made Clothes known. Yours is to find the biggest suit bargain. Then accept this offer: For the astoundingly low figure of 42/- (cost of making only) we will make to your personal measurements a perfect fitting suit in Bradford's Finest Indigo Botany Wool Serge, guaranteed fast to sun, sea and air. Best quality linings; Indeproof pockets, new Syddo fronts (keep lapels in shape); every suit fashionably cut by craftsmen and honestly worth 4 guineas. Send for patterns of actual cloth used and self-measurement form

GILBERT CLOTHING CO.,
Myrtle Mills, Bingley.

Biggest Value IN FLOOR COVERING

NOTE NEW LOW PRICES **90 SQ.FT. for 15/-**

DAMP AND ROT PROOF specially suited for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fixing.

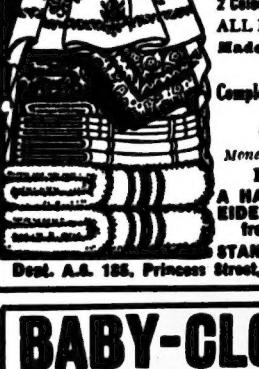
PAROLEUM

(all rolls 2 yards wide)
Many Pretty Patterns to choose from.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS,
Sutherland Square, Walworth Road, LONDON, S.E.17

SALE!



of ROYAL Cycles.
A GREAT OPPORTUNITY
5-Guinea Models for

59/6
(or 5/9 monthly).

3-Speed Model de Luxe for

79/6
(or 7/6 monthly).

Numerous other models at similar reductions
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

All Models guaranteed for 50 years.

VICTORIA CYCLE & CARRIAGE CO.
(Dept. C. 139), 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

HONEST SPARE TIME EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL

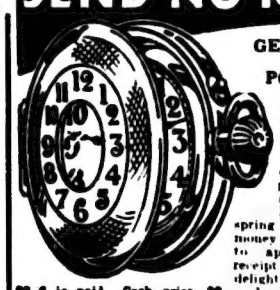
A JOB YOU CAN DO.

EVERYTHING FREE!

¶ Do you want extra money for pleasant, easy work—a job you can do in your spare time (or whole time) with the certain knowledge that you *are* making big profits for yourself? If so, here is your golden opportunity, for no matter where you live, without any experience, you can start NOW by sending for the complete "Dinkie" outfit, which is quite FREE and sent post paid to all applying. Hundreds of men and women are earning good incomes as "Dinkie" agents. Why not you? Give yourself a chance. Write NOW.

J. B. CARTER AND SON,
North Street, Bedminster, Bristol.

SEND NO MONEY



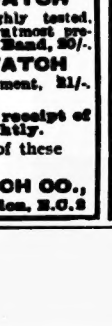
GENUINE 18-CARAT GOLD CASED POCKET WATCH.

Amazing bargain in high grade pocket watches. The "Allen" 18-ct. Gold Cased Demi-Hunter Lever Pocket Watch carries a **10 years' written guarantee.** Highly-polished and attractive case, best lever movement, double spring front case. Send no money the watch will be sent to approved customers on receipt of a postcard. If highly delighted pay 2 - weekly until 23 6 is paid. Cash price, 22 -. You are the judge of the value we offer—return the watch if not satisfied. Send your postcard now.

J. W. ALLEN & CO.
376, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1.

45/- SUITS for 19/6

GREAT ADVERTISING OFFER.
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.



To the first two hundred readers who apply we will supply one of our noted 45 - Gent's Suits for merely 19/6, and if for any reason you do not consider the suit supplied for only 19/6 honestly worth every penny of 45/-, return it and we will refund your 19/6, together with 1/- for your trouble in sending. The first two hundred applicants only will secure these Bargains. Don't send money now, but see what you buy.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS
Send a postcard for big range of fine Yorkshire Tweeds and Worsteds, fashions and easy self measure form to :—

H. THOMAS & CO. (Dept. J.B.7),
14, PITLAKE BRIDGE, WEST CROYDON, SURREY.

CASEMENT CURTAINING—SALE

LAST 7 DAYS

29,500 Yds. FADELESS CASEMENT SUNGLOW NETS AND CRETONNES

1 D. P.C. BRINGS Pattern Book Post Free.

Post Free. PATTERN BOOK Actual Samples: FROM **3 D.** Per Yard.

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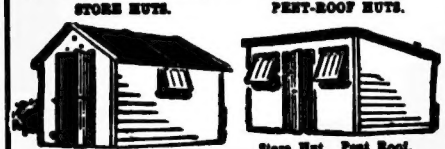

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"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Plan to Legalise Sweeps

A HOME OFFICE Departmental Committee will soon be engaged collecting evidence as to the desirability of legalising sweepstakes in Great Britain.

We have information that when the enquiry begins, an avalanche of propaganda will be let loose on behalf of the Irish Hospitals "sweep."

The promoters of that venture will come forward with an offer to devote part of the proceeds to British hospitals if the free sale of tickets is permitted here.

A very cold reception indeed awaits this proposal in Whitehall.

With conditions

Opinion in all Parties has been sounded by the Government on the general question of sweepstakes, and the majority view favours removal of the existing embargo—with strict conditions.

* * *

The first is that there shall not be permission for traffic in Britain in the sale of Irish or other foreign sweepstake tickets. The percentage deducted by the promoters for organising expenses is in question.

Secondly, there will be no purely State lottery in Britain, and the public sale of tickets for privately-organised sweepstakes will continue to be prohibited.

The Home Office has been presented with one very interesting proposal.

Charity—at home

This is that the statutory powers of the Racecourse Betting Control Board should be enlarged to authorise it alone to conduct periodical sweepstakes

A percentage would be deducted by the board, in the manner of the totalisator tax, for its own uses, and another percentage would be devoted to charities.

Sweepstakes under such auspices, it is felt, would be popular, fair and proper. They would lessen the financial difficulties of the Control Board, and British charities—and racing—would benefit.

Tender cuts

The Government's Economy Committee will shortly make its recommendations.

Though fairly drastic savings will be advised in some of the State Departments, there will be no attempt at Civil Service wage-cuts or staff-reductions.

Bulk-purchasing of stores by the Government as a whole, instead of by individual departments, is a likely proposal as a means of obtaining more favourable tenders.

Also, some of the subsidies paid by the Government to local authorities and private concerns are likely to be questioned.

Mortal risks

The mortality rate among members of Parliament has not been so high for a long time. This year they have been dying at the rate of one a fortnight.

The conscientious M.P. has his nose to the grindstone from morning until midnight. There are few chances of exercise, and the strain is accentuated by all-night sittings and meetings in his constituency.

It is said that the air drawn in by the ventilating system brings with it the worst smells of the Thames, and certain parts of the House are heated till the place is like a hot-house.

The risk of chills to Members no longer young is a very serious one.

Swift

During the King's illness a Macclesfield silk manufacturer was asked to weave some special material to make sixty garments for His Majesty.

Within a week the designs for the fabric had been prepared and approved, the silk woven and dyed, and the garments made and delivered.

We mention this to show world customers—and competitors—how Britain can do it.

Police shuffle begun

Our exclusive predictions of Scotland Yard changes have their first confirmation in the revolutionary appointment of a plain-clothes officer—Chief Inspector Prothero—as uniformed superintendent of the important division embracing Woolwich, Greenwich and Dartford.

"Others will follow"

Although not generally recognised, this change marks the first move towards placing the pick of the C.I.D. in power instead of the uniformed police chiefs—a reform at which we have always aimed.

There are 2,000 C.I.D. as against 18,000 uniformed men in London alone, so the transfer of one superior officer from the former means a step-up for all below him.

Other important detectives will follow Chief Inspector Prothero, so the future results will be worth watching.

Sea speed craze

The new British destroyer *Boadicea* reached a speed of 35.9 knots on her trials. Meantime, Italian, French and Argentine destroyers are doing 43.5 knots, 41.2 knots and 39.4 knots on their trials.

This does not mean that the British Navy is being outclassed, but that British shipbuilders have not been allowed to advertise their achievements.

* * *

Our new ships are never driven all out on their tests. This is right enough, but something in the way of a national gesture is needed to restore foreign confidence in our shipyards.

The whole of the B class destroyers will shortly be in service as a flotilla. Could not the Admiralty arrange a four-hour full-power trial with a final burst of full speed for every ship over the measured mile?

Salesmanship is closely allied to showmanship and such a trial would be discussed all over the world.

Sweated

The Minister of Transport surely does not believe in sweated labour.

Yet his department is asking the municipal members of the Traffic Commissions to work for nothing, doing practically the same work as the chairmen of the commissions, who are paid £1,200 a year for their services.

There are twenty-six municipal members, and they are not even compensated for lost working time while acting as Traffic Commissioners.

This rules out wage and moderate salary earners. Mr. Morrison must find a remedy.

Converted?

Mr. Snowden wants to keep your money, but he does not intend to give you as much for it.

Early next year a big batch of savings certificates falls due for payment, and the Chancellor is preparing a plan whereby holders will be able to renew them for a further term.

This sounds all right until you learn that the rate of interest will be lower.

His argument is that money rates have fallen since the issue of the certificates, and reducing the interest is analogous to conducting a conversion operation of the type known in connection with the various issues of War Loan.

The Budget will probably contain an announcement on this subject.

Sawing a board

One of the certain economies in the Budget will be a considerable reduction in the grant to the Empire Marketing Board.

Though various parts of the Empire have not shown much inclination to reciprocate with publicity of our manufactured goods, this reduction is in no sense a reprisal.

The Dominions will not be surprised at our action. Many of them have wondered how long we would keep up the campaign.

Dreading the census

There is no reason for the widespread fear of Sunday's census.

Despite the common belief that family skeletons will be dragged into the limelight of publicity, the truth is that even a criminal can reveal his occupation without any fear of the consequences.

Those who wish can, if their reasons are genuine, obtain separate forms and hand them back direct to the responsible enumerator. There are heavy penalties awaiting anybody who reveals the contents.

This census is concerned with figures rather than persons. The questions are few and simple, and people should realise it is a national service and follow the instructions without fear.

Watch France!

A grave threat to world-peace lies in the announcement broadcast by President Doumergue, and endorsed by his Cabinet, that France's only safeguard is armed supremacy.

This is the most amazing declaration made by any great Power since the war.

In face of it, the League, Locarno, Kellogg Pact, and a hundred other laboriously built edifices become childishly futile.

Will Germany—or any other Power—accept the French idea of "security"? That way lies Armageddon—nothing else.

Brainy Police Chiefs
Mosley Isolated
Budget Surprises

Security, M. le President?

Find him a job

We welcome the Prime Minister's wish to find another post for Sir James O'Grady, who has just finished a very successful six years as Governor of Tasmania.

One time trade union official and Labour M.P., Jim O'Grady did a great deal to beat down the hostility towards England which was manifest in certain Australian quarters in recent years.

News that hurts

We sincerely hope that the great dailies will refrain from publishing further hazards as to where the second new Cunard giant is to be built. Such news is important, when it is true.

But to publish unverified statements which raise the hopes of innumerable unemployed workers and their families is a cold-blooded business.

The truth of the matter is that the Cunard Company has not yet made up its mind over the placing of the order.

Neither has the Canadian Pacific Railway decided to construct five new liners to follow the *Empress of Britain*—a £10,000,000 order which has been already reported.

A dull thud

The leaders of the Mosley Party are very disappointed at the absence of progress.

Money is there, but the big poster campaign has failed. Several prominent Labour Members who hesitated on the brink have now turned their backs on the newcomers.

On the other hand, nothing is being left to chance. When Sir Oswald goes to Ashton-under-Lyne to support his candidate, the big guns of the Government will be there to open a broadside.

IF YOU SEE IT—(Continued)

Change the name

Holmwood, near Dorking, has anything but a home flavour. Despite nearly a hundred applications, the Dorking Council declines to build houses because the boundaries of Surrey are now being revised.

Helping to stir

The Housing Act of 1930 can be made to apply here, and immediate action must be taken on behalf of the poor people now paying excessive rents for damp and unhealthy rooms.

Families have been evicted, children are ill, and the general conditions are abominable.

The local Labour Party has the support of Mr. J. Chuter Ede, M.P., and is making every effort to stir the council into action.

The wrong angle

Over twenty North-East organisations, representative of employers, have co-operated in a written appeal to Northumberland, Durham and North Yorkshire local authorities urging cuts in the wages of municipal employees.

Presumably, they feel that industry is being handicapped by excessive public expenditure. Comparisons have been drawn between the wages of industrial workers and those in the service of local government.

It would have been better if those comparisons had led them to think of raising wages. Municipal workers are not overpaid.

In his place

According to a medical certificate in our possession, Mr. T. Leonard, of Salterforth, "is suffering from gastritis and neurasthenia. He is deaf, dumb and blind. His condition is due to his Great War service." His pension is 8s. per week.

The Ministry of Pensions states that it is "fully aware of the present condition of Mr. Leonard," but refuses to make him an increased award under special sanction.

If the chief officials of the Ministry could change places with Mr. Leonard for just one week, they would change their minds.

His problem now

German servant-girls, who are coming into this country at the rate of over a hundred a week, are being carefully watched by the police to see that they undertake none other than domestic work.

The men in blue pay periodical visits in order to make quite sure.

One girl, who arrived some time ago in Surrey, with bundle and book of words, found great difficulty in understanding the policeman. But she has found a way out.

She married him.

A dog's life

Ashby-de-la-Zouch Council has a rule forbidding dogs in its council houses. It forgets to tell tenants this regulation at times, and as a result Mr. Ensor is up against a pretty problem.

He has just moved into a house, and now he has been told he must get rid of his dog or the council will get rid of him.

The dog is not only a prize animal, but the faithful pal of Ensor, junior. Mr. Ensor would not have moved had he known of this rule.

He has twenty-eight days in which to decide, because the council fears that every tenant will claim the right to keep a dog if one tenant is allowed the privilege.

And why—in heaven's name—not?

Good work undone

From Horwich (Bolton) comes a story of humanity in the Post Office and the opposite in the police-court.

John Hall, unemployed and one-armed, had a private arrangement whereby he was paying for his dog-licence in instalments. He had paid three-quarters of the 7s. 6d. when the police dropped on him for keeping the dog without a licence. He was ordered to pay the costs of the case.

It is a pity the Horwich police have not some real work to do and Bolton magistrates a little more of the milk of human kindness.

Saved by words

But for the eloquence of his lawyer, Frederick George Sampson, of Vale Road, Rhyl, would have gone to prison for six months for an assault on a girl of ten.

The St. Asaph magistrates gave him a month instead, the chairman saying that such leniency was due to the words of the advocate. He also wondered what the magistrates would have done if it had been one of their children.

We think he might have taken that thought a little deeper and given Sampson the maximum sentence.

The child was playing with her four-year-old brother and another child of eight when the offence was committed. Why should mere words save a beast of this nature?

Shut their traps

Stranded theatrical companies usually blame crooked booking-agents as the primary cause of their misfortunes.

An idea, Mr. Harry Cloff, the Variety Artists' Chairman

We have reason to believe that these minor crooks are only feeders for a chain of shady provincial theatres.

"Dud bookings" are to be found all over the country, and their chief source of revenue is the drinking-bar.

Unwary touring companies are regarded as simply an added attraction and minor source of income.

The stage and variety organisations should compile a black-list of such places from the information its members can supply. Then licensing authorities may be induced to act.

Bitter red-tape

Mr. A. Sweeney, of Woods Street, Wigan, served in the Army for six years and 245 days and was then transferred to the Reserve with an exemplary character.

Unable to get work, he went to Canada, and returned to this country after three years of hardship.

He has now been informed by a Court of Referees that he has automatically forfeited his claim to employment benefit. This man is now faced with the unpleasant prospect of going on tramp.

Considering how he did his bit and has a clean sheet, it seems decidedly unfair that rules and regulations should thus penalise him.

Give it to the cat

When George Brockhouse came before the Nuneaton magistrates on a charge of drunkenness in the market-place he said he suffered from epilepsy.

The Bench discharged him on condition that he signed the pledge and wore a blue ribbon in his coat in future.

It could have fined him, or discharged him in the ordinary way, since it was his first offence.

We fail to find any legal right for its action, and if Brockhouse does not want to parade his enforced sobriety, he can tie the ribbon on a cat.

Drop for the pilots

Trinity House has framed and sent to the Board of Trade new by-laws proposing a 15 per cent. cut in pilot-dues.

As the pilots of the London area have been earning up to £1,000 a year since the new rates came into force in 1922, Trinity House argues that they will suffer no great hardship from the cut.

Apparently certain near-trade shipowners, hit by the shipping slump, have already begun to dispense with pilots' services.

Toying with lives

Tramways are to disappear in Exeter, and 'buses will take their place. Tram-drivers are being taught to drive the 'buses, and a long list of accidents, including four recent fatalities, seems to indicate that all is not well.

These men carry passengers during their tuition, and the intention is, quite rightly, to find work for all the tramway staff before considering any of the expert, but unemployed, bus-drivers in the city.

The authorities have no right to endanger the lives of the public by allowing inexperienced men to practise with a full load.

Blackmail charge sequel

An interesting sequel has followed our exclusive exposure of Norman Kent, alias Kalvin, a confidence-trickster who absconded after Mr. Mead, the Marlborough Street magistrate, had unwisely granted bail.

Kent had engineered an ingenious income-tax blackmail swindle, and, while he remains at large, one of his sureties, a man named William Zeitland, has now been ordered to pay £1,000, Mr. Mead allowing him a month in which to find the money.

Once again it was pointed out that the prosecution all along had grave misgivings that Kent would break his bail.

Not only poachers

A Hampshire magistrate sends us a number of photographs illustrating the terrible sufferings caused to birds and animals by the use of spring traps.

Walking through woods near his home, he found three different types of traps set by gamekeepers. They were all illegal and all inflicted refined torture.

The use of these traps is definitely against the law, and when police are looking for poachers, we hope they will bear in mind the possibility of a summons or two against gamekeepers.

The trews

A manufacturer in Glasgow has received an order for 40,000 hikers' suits for women ramblers and campers—the first contract of this kind in Scotland.

The suits consist of jackets and shorts, and are intended for wear by women wage-earners.

Forty thousand women ramblers walking over the Scottish moors wearing shorts on a Sunday will shock the Holy Willies.

Three in eight

In eight weeks, three miners have been killed at Kibblesworth Colliery. By a tragic stroke of fate, they all lived in the same street.

This year, four men have been killed in a month at Plaspower Colliery near Wrexham.

Both these pits have the reputation of being "safe." They are well managed and due regard is given to safety measures.

The public reads only of the awful explosions which take lives by the score.

When they read of the demand for wage-cuts they should bear these tragedies in mind, and remember the risks miners take on already inadequate wages.

The investor expects a bigger interest when he takes a bigger risk. The miner is entitled to expect it, too.

Too free

Two well-dressed men, representing themselves as agents for Boots the Chemists, are making house-to-house calls in South London, offering what at first appears to be a free gift of toilet-goods.

When the offer is accepted, they demand a "distribution fee" of half a crown.

The unlabelled samples are worthless imitations, and Messrs. Boots have no connection whatever with any such scheme.

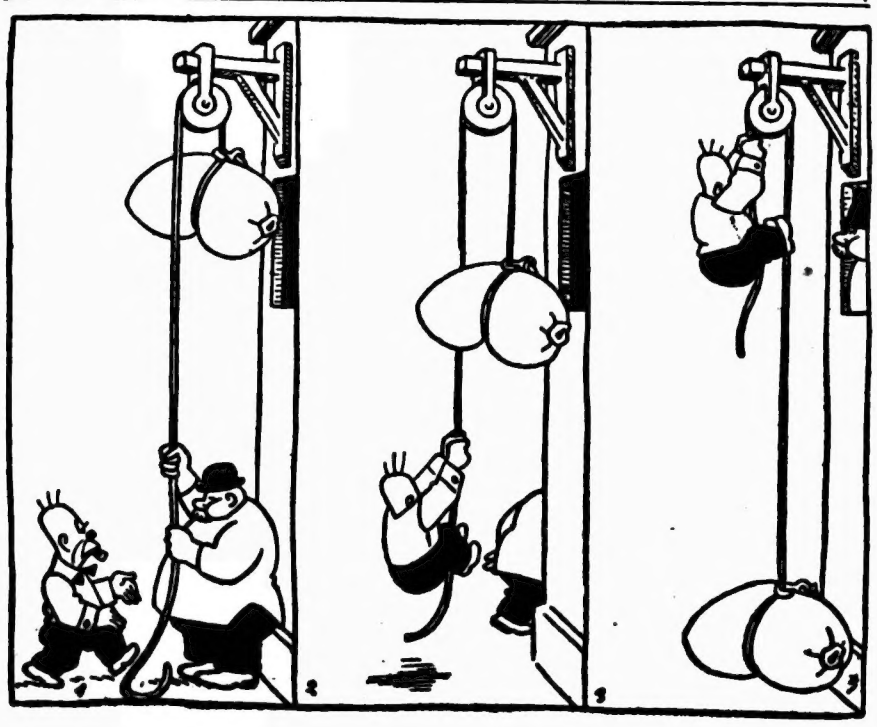
Pig in a poke

During the reading of a report on the town slaughter-houses at a meeting of the Llanelly Council it was disclosed that a slaughterman had "trimmed" the carcase of a pig to conceal the fact that it was diseased.

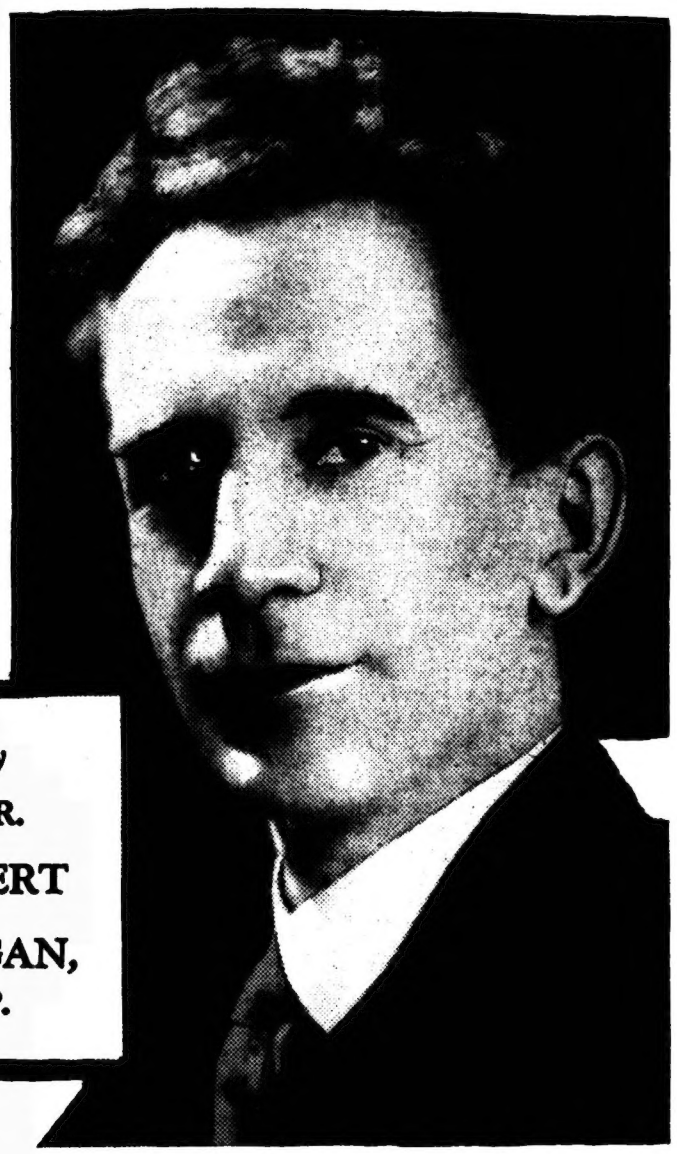
The man has been ordered to appear before the council at its next meeting. Provided it has the power to take this action, it can be assumed that the man is in the employ of the Llanelly municipal authorities or under their control.

If so, they have taken a queer way of dealing with such an offence.

ADAMSON— —Sacked!



STARVING OUR BRIGHTEST BABY



"TO politicians of all the old Parties science seems almost a crime"

by DR. ROBERT FORGAN, M.P.

FOURPENCE-HALFPENNY out of every hundred pounds that we spend as a nation goes to promote medical science. The Budget, in round figures, amounts to £800,000,000, and of that huge total probably no part of it is spent to better advantage than the relatively tiny sum expended on medical research into the cause and prevention of disease.

In spite of the valuable discoveries of recent years, it is unfortunately true that we are profoundly ignorant of how to deal with many troubles affecting man and beast.

So much so, that the Medical Research Council has declared that "our present almost complete impotence in face of deadly diseases and minor plagues is sufficient to justify—indeed, to demand—an army of skilled workers."

Although we spend over £100,000,000 a year on war services, less than one-fifth of a million is devoted to medical research—£3 spent on preparations to destroy human lives for every penny spent in an effort to save lives.

Our statesmen appear to have very little interest in scientific research. The reports of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research are to be found in the library of the House of Commons, but their uncut, unthumbed pages testify how seldom they are consulted by Members of Parliament.

In fact, these scientific reports are actually found up in the same volume as the reports on prisons, police, and street offences. To politicians of all the old Parties science seems almost a crime.

Humiliating charity

I HAVE questioned the Treasury as to the inadequacy of the national expenditure on medical research, and the Financial Secretary, Mr. Pethick-Lawrence, has replied that he had no reason to consider the expenditure inadequate.

Yet it is humiliating to our national pride to think that Britain should have to accept benefactions from American millionaires for scientific work that we should ourselves have undertaken years ago.

Much of our national expenditure to-day is wasteful. Our school medical officers report that 70 per cent. of the children have defective teeth, and a huge staff of dentists is to be engaged to remedy that deplorable state of affairs.

But if intensive study of the causes of the trouble were undertaken, it would almost certainly be found that the diet of mothers and infants is to blame.

Dietary adjustment based on such knowledge would save much suffering in childhood and would ultimately prevent many of the illnesses of later life.

Another sphere in which research would be well worth while is in those diseases supposed to be due to viruses consisting of organisms so small that they are invisible even under the microscope.

Sleepy sickness and, probably, measles and influenza come under this category.

Similarity in the mode of action of the virus makes it likely that the valuable discoveries made by British scientists as to the cure and prevention of distemper in dogs will hasten the solution of the mystery of foot-and-mouth disease in cattle.

This malady costs this country, for the slaughter of infected animals alone, tens of millions of pounds every year.

What we don't know!

OTHER wasteful troubles that the British agriculturist can ill afford, and for the eradication of which he looks for help to the scientist, are fowl-plague and swine-fever.

And research along the same lines may show how to prevent potato-disease and a similar blight affecting tobacco and bananas.

There is, in fact, an unassailable case for the setting-up at once of an Agricultural Research Council here at home to help British farmers and to co-operate with research-workers throughout the Empire and Dominions.

A certain amount of work, it is true, is being done, but it needs not only co-ordination, but vital expansion.

Further study of soils so as to add to their fertility—the growing of two blades of grass where only one grew before, about which the politicians have talked so long and done so little—would improve crops as well as stock.

The yield and quality of wool from sheep, for example, is determined to some extent by the thyroid gland, and the health and proper functioning of that gland in sheep depends in turn on the iodine contained in the soil.

A daily dose of salts and cod-liver oil is apparently necessary for sheep on some poor pastures.

Greater knowledge of the habits and life-history of fish would add to the certainty of a good harvest from the sea. Enquiries into the causes of the high death-rate among oysters would probably more than pay for itself.

Fish don't take measles, but they do suffer from an epidemic complaint called furunculosis, which caused a loss of thousands of pounds last year to Scottish salmon-fishers.

So in a hundred and one different ways science is slowly adding to the sum of knowledge and subtracting from the total loss caused hitherto by our ignorance.

The speed with which these results are being achieved could be greatly accelerated by the multiplication of workers in the fields of research.

These fields are "white unto harvest"; it is for the nation to see to it that sufficient workers are trained and sent out to reap for the benefit of mankind.

Tremendous field

IN industry, just as much as in medicine and agriculture, the need for the application of science is great.

The national expenditure of some of our competitors, notably Germany, on encouraging industrial research is far in excess of our own.

For example, in promoting investigations into the scientific use of coal, Germany has spent a sum over forty times what Britain has expended.

Of course, discovery is not enough. We should to-day be a far richer and healthier people if the inventions and discoveries of recent years had been adequately applied.

Improvement in locomotive engines could more than halve the cost per train mile. The yield of oil from shale could be more than doubled by utilising a better process than the one now in use.

We could before now have had electricity at a quarter of the present price, and city skies cleared of atmospheric pollution by the substitution of smokeless fuel for raw coal.

It is, unfortunately, largely a matter of chance whether new discoveries can obtain the necessary finance to carry them from the laboratory stage to the point of commercial development.

Herein seems to lie the opportunity for the setting-up of a department or corporation whose function it would be to provide a steady stream of scientific improvements for the use of British industry.

And make it pay

SUCH a department, recouping itself from a share in the financial proceeds of successful inventions, should in time become self-supporting. Better still, it might undertake, what is so woefully lacking, the adequate endowment of research.

The inventor and the research worker are men born with a special aptitude for observation and original thinking. They are born, not made.

But science as a career is barred except to the few who either have private means or who are content to undertake the search for knowledge on a meagre salary insufficient to maintain a married man in any sense of comfort or security.

We talk of the fighting services. A scientific service, with reasonable conditions as to salaries and pensions, is urgently needed if we, as a nation, are to win the victories of peace.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Senor ALCALA ZAMORA, *Premier of Spain*

SENOR,—It must have been with a feeling of deep satisfaction and well-earned triumph that you drew up your proclamation declaring the foundation of a Spanish Republic.

You were arrested last December for your part as leader of the abortive Jaca rebellion, and in March of this year you were sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

Now the tide has turned; the King for whom you have twice acted as Minister rules no more. Your party has triumphed; Europe is watching to see what you will do.

It is encouraging to read that you "attach the greatest importance to continued friendship with Great Britain," which country, as you know, will not refuse hospitality to your rejected King and Queen.

But remember, Senor, that some of the influences which worked the downfall of Alfonso may, in their turn, attempt to pull you and yours from the pinnacle which you have attained.

Take care the pot does not boil over again.

JOHN BULL.

Watch this BOILING POT!

Mercy for Mothers—

Clacking Scandal-Tongues—

A Peace Beer-Glass

Mr. MONTAGU NORMAN, *Bank of England*

DEAR MR. NORMAN,—You have just returned from a visit to the United States, where, I understand, you sought American assistance for a huge war-debt conversion scheme and for the formation of an international syndicate for loaning money to needy States.

Now, Mr. Norman, if a British Minister visits a foreign country to take part in a series of conferences, Members of Parliament take good care that the whole circumstances are quickly before the public.

But you, Governor of the Bank of England—in whose hands are vested powers which affect the well-being of the country—are able to indulge in secret diplomacy overseas without Parliament being able to obtain any information on the subject.

The attitude of the Man of Mystery can be overstrained.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HERBERT HOOVER, *President of the United States*

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—Do you realise how much your attitude to public relief is damaging the prestige of your country?

We in England take the standpoint that if men and women are thrown out of work owing to world conditions, which they neither created nor can mend, they have a right to be saved from starvation by something more humane than the crumbs of private charity.

That you should set your heart against any system of public relief for the starving unemployed of the United States gives us furiously to think.

Didn't you once feed starving Russia?

JOHN BULL.

TWENTY BRITISH DOCTORS

GENTLEMEN,—You have just come back from a comprehensive tour of Bad-Homburg, Bad-Nauheim, Wiesbaden and other German spas, where you have been studying the curative organisations and the latest improvements.

Now that you have seen all that there was to interest you in those delightful, but foreign, beauty-spots, how about looking round Bath, Cheltenham, Harrogate, Leamington, Llandrindod and the Wells of Tunbridge?

They are not, you will find, so backward or so "Bad."

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST WIMBLE, *Workmen's Travel Association*

DEAR MR. WIMBLE,—Through your organisation, a party of British trade unionists is to spend its August week's holiday on the Rhine.

The steamer chartered will be welcomed by the trade unionists of the chief cities on that river. There will be much handshaking, fraternisation, festivities.

This is the way to cement international good-fellowship.

When the workers in every country can meet and take a glass of beer in the sunshine with those who once were "enemies" war becomes unthinkable, and that which is unthinkable is impossible.

Go to it, Mr. Wimble!

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. A. GREENWOOD, *Minister of Health*

DEAR MR. GREENWOOD,—Thousands of tramps who pass their nights and week-ends in casual-wards are blessing your name.

You have issued new regulations to public assistance authorities for the treatment of casuals, and the lot of these unfortunates has been greatly improved.

They are no longer compelled to sleep on bare floors, and meat and vegetables take the place of the former eternal bread and margarine.

More improvements are needed in casual-wards, but you have made a good start.

JOHN BULL.

The SECRETARY, *Law Society, Bell Yard, London, E.C.*

DEAR SIR,—Many learned counsel in the Temple, after weary waiting, have found that they cannot recover large sums in fees owing to them because bilking clients have neglected to pay the solicitors who briefed the learned ones.

And, as I have pointed out before, there is no redress for members of the public who lose through defaulting solicitors. The remedy lies with you.

Surely you might well provide an indemnity fund for these eventualities.

Five pounds a year would not make a large mark on the expense-sheet of even the smallest solicitor, but the good name of solicitors as a body would benefit greatly.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P., *Home Secretary*

DEAR J. R.,—I was astonished to see you attempting in the Commons the other day to defend the new mobile police against the charges of officiousness and harassing the public which have been brought against them.

You sought to justify them even in the case of prosecutions which magistrates have dismissed without ceremony.

This force consists mainly of young constables without experience of road conditions—represented by the fact that in their first three months of service they have been involved in no fewer than ninety-nine smashes in London alone.

You have the appearance of being under the thumb of your permanent officials and no more than their shadow on the Front Bench.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. STANLEY BALDWIN, *10, Upper Brook Street, London, W.*

DEAR MRS. BALDWIN,—The real significance of your appeal for funds to provide anæsthetics in necessitous cases of childbirth has not, I think, been appreciated.

In the year of grace and civilisation 1931, mothers suffer untold agonies for lack of them.

Yet I must both praise and condemn your appeal, for it should be on the conscience of the nation that you should have to call on charity to mitigate the sufferings of the mothers of our race.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. J. JEFFERIES, *Coroner, Shoeburyness*

DEAR MR. JEFFERIES,—I congratulate you on the attitude which you have taken up in regard to the lying statements circulated about Mrs. Avis Amos, on whose baby, dead from bronchial pneumonia, you held an inquest.

Your jury returned a verdict of "Death from natural causes," and you said: "This inquest would never have been held had it not been for the rumours which have been circulated in the town."

You condemned severely those lying statements concerning a perfectly respectable mother. You would like, you declared, to have those people severely punished who had hinted that Mrs. Amos had murdered her child.

If a few more coroners had your fighting spirit we should be well on the way to amending our bad old laws of slander which leave the innocent at the mercy of the vicious.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

MR. KAYE DON: "I will recapture for Britain the British International Trophy from America."

We can quite believe it.

• • •

COUNT DE CASTELLANE: "Countless ties of amity unite Paris and London."

Even sword-rattling won't turn them into enmity.

• • •

MR. JUSTICE WRIGHT: "People cannot commit perjury with impunity."

But they do.

Not from the B.B.C.—Zara Agha, "The Oldest Man in the World," offers:

"The Secret of THE AGE"

"YOU are old, Zara Agha," they all declare,
A fact that I cannot deny;
So I shake their hands and I speak them fair
And I tell of the days gone by.
No, I'm not as young as I was—he! he!
But I'm not as old as I soon will be!

"You are old," they remark, and they want to know
Of the things I have seen and done—
Can my mind hark back to the long ago
When Oxford is said to have won
The Boat Race? And can I recall the year
When they brewed the last of the pre-war beer?

"You are old, very old," the young folk say:
And, of course, I'm forced to agree.
I am one-fifty-seven years old to-day,
And to-morrow, perhaps, I'll be
One-hundred-and-sixty or sixty-eight—
For the old grow old at a rapid rate!

What you striplings don't realise is that everything changes when one is old—even arithmetic.

It is all a matter of relativity. Einstein would understand my arithmetic quite easily; but ordinary people can't make out how it is that if I was 140 when I was ill in Constantinople in 1929, I am 157 now.

The explanation is quite simple. Time passes more rapidly as one advances in years. On an average, it takes a woman of twenty-nine from three to four years to reach her thirtieth milestone; but a man of 140 can become 150 in a few months.

But why bother about details? Whether I am 142 or 157—or something in between the two estimates, or under both—I defy anybody to prove that I am not the oldest man in the world.

If I cannot produce a birth-certificate it is because registers of births were not kept in Turkey when I was born. And if I don't happen to be on the books of an insurance company, this is a peculiarity I share with most of your English centenarians.

If you want to know to what I attribute my longevity, I will reply: "To my temperate habits." For I never smoke or drink alcohol, and I live exclusively on vegetables and sour milk.

This information has moved scoffers to suggest that such a diet, combined with the fact that I have been married eleven times, is enough to make anybody *feel* 157.

But it is not just a matter of feeling, for I have my marvellous memory to prove my claim.

I remember, I remember,
When quite a little boy,
A lovely dame who kissed me—
It was Helen of old Troy!
And, what is even more, I heard—
Though now it's fled from me—
Just what it was that George Four said
In eighteen fiddle-dee-dee!

I remember, I remember,
A crowd of striking things
Concerning ships and sealing-wax
And cabbages and kings.
My memory is so overworked.
It is not fair to me
To scoff if I at times forget
How old I claim to be!

Motorist's Missing GIRL DUPE

Althea Taylor: Where is she to-day?

WHERE is Althea Ellen Taylor, the charming, blue-eyed daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, of Leiston, Suffolk, who appeared from her happy, country me fourteen months ago—just after r twentieth birthday?

Many people, apart from her heart-oken mother, are asking this ques-n—people who have never met thea, but who know to their sorrow mething of the handsome man in ose company she was last seen.

The distracted mother, to whom thea was a loving and inseparable mpanion, has sought hourly for ws of her daughter, investigating ery possible avenue.

Man they fear

The long, unbroken silence, with its ghtmare of uncertainty as to the fate her loved one, is preying terribly on her mind.

And the strangers who are solicitous r Althea's welfare, though their feel-gs are not prompted by maternal ve, have equal fears because of suf-rings they themselves have endured the hands of the man we have entioned.

Mrs. Taylor, by no means well off, eps a boarding-house, at which a ll-dressed, pleasant-mannered man med Ernest Frederick Rivett came stay.

He had abundant luggage, always emed to be in funds, and possessed modern car, which he drove himself. As he became better known to the aylors he confided that he was a usician by profession, holding an im-rtant post with a Manchester firm at brought him in over £12 a week. His chief duties, it seemed, consisted supervising the sale of pianos and her instruments, which his firm dis-osed of on hire-purchase terms rough local agents all over the untry.

For ten days the good-looking, lausible Mr. Rivett seemed to be very busy, motoring about the district, ostensibly attending to his firm's busi-ness.

Then, on the eleventh day, he dis-appeared, having failed to pay for his board and lodging and leaving behind a stack of unsettled debts.

With him he lured away Althea, the attractive daughter of the household, who has not been seen since.

It is believed that the girl originally went off intending only to enjoy a short motor-ride with the attractive lodger.

This theory is certainly borne out by the fact that she left with only the clothes she was actually wearing; that she carried no money; and that she left behind many much-valued personal belong-ings.

A week elapsed, during which a search was made and the police were consulted.

Pathetic document

Then came faint tidings in the form of a hastily scrawled note from Althea to her mother, saying that she was going to London for a few days and would like some of her clothes to be sent on.

The note was a crude document for any girl to write, and, since it bore no address, the request for clothes seemed strange.

It is now thought that the note was actually dictated by the fascinating Rivett to set the mother's mind at rest and to hold up any widespread enquiry.

That he had good reason to fear pub-licity will soon be apparent.

Then, save for two further undated, anonymous and vague missives, posted within a few days of the first, com-plete silence has reigned.

And although the parents have done everything in their power, they have been unable to discover the fate of their daughter.

Some brief, but disturbing, frag-ments of news regarding Althea's ex-periences since leaving home have gradually come to hand, but have served only to heighten the terrible tension.

"Far more sinister—"

It has been found, for instance, that the pair first stayed together at an Ipswich house which Rivett, who said he was a single man, was supposed to have specially furnished.

Actually it was a boarding-house, which he left after a few days for London, accompanied by the missing girl.

Following this discovery, the mother received enquiry after enquiry from people in different parts from whom

Rivett: "His character is vile, he has broken homes, robbed the poor . . ."

A Ruthless Professional Heart-Breaker

Rivett had obtained money by false pretences when posing as a representa-tive of the big Manchester firm of which he had boasted.

Then there were disquieting enquiries from unhappy women on whom Rivett had previously imposed in far more sinister ways.

At long last—much too late, we fear—Mrs. Taylor has laid her story before JOHN BULL.

Wooing—ruining

The discoveries we have been able to make are astounding, to say the least. Here are one or two of them:

Rivett is not a single man, but a hardened breaker of women's hearts.

He has a wife and a number of children in Northumberland, whence he comes.

Mrs. Taylor may therefore be cer-tain that he has not married her ab-sent daughter, unless, of course, he has been foolish enough to commit bigamy.

His aliases are legion, and include the names of Thomas, Morris, Lathom, Reeves and Hammond.

He has served many prison sentences for fraud of a despicable kind, and when he first appeared at Leiston no one would have suspected from his plausible and fascinating manner that he had a prison record behind him, or that several women had re-cently been pursuing him with one grievance or another.

We have traced Rivett, among other places, to Sudbury, where he lived for some time at the house of a widow, who has recently told to other dupes the sad story of how he "bor-rowed" practically every penny of her slender savings by various misrepre-sentations.

Hear what this woman, supported as we shall show by many others, has to say of her experience with the charm-ing Rivett.

Lured away

"His character is vile. . . . He has broken the homes of several people. . . . He is a rotter who has taken money from many poor women like myself. . . ."

In Thetford there is a young woman who loved Rivett to her cost.

After he had lured her from home, she discovered that he was already married, and she found herself cruelly deserted as soon as Rivett had secured her savings.

She now has a little girl to support, and though she has obtained a warrant against Rivett for maintenance arrears, it is useless until the man can be found.

Another woman victim is to be found in Ipswich. She trustingly handed money to Rivett, believing his story of investments that he was shortly to realise.

Finally, when Rivett was revealed as a shameless liar, she asked in vain for repayment at the rate of a few shil-lings a week.

Rivett does not reserve his fatal fas-cination solely for young women. In Bury St. Edmunds there is an old lady of eighty-eight whom he defrauded in a most heartless manner.

Can you help?

Included in his lesser dupes, too, are people from whom he has obtained cash-deposits for goods in which he pretends to travel, and firms from whom he has obtained various articles and money by false pretences.

This, then, is the man in whose com-pany Althea Taylor was last seen.

Where is she to-day?

We publish her photograph on this page with that of her deceiver, in the hope that someone may be able to send us news that will enable us to reunite the girl with her sorrowing mother, and, at the same time, lay this heart-less scoundrel by the heels.

Exchange Official's Giant "Dole" —Work Found for £4,500

"FACTORY for Sale"—that grim notice kept catching the eye of the JOHN BULL man as he journeyed from London to Mansfield.

His mission was to see the competitor who had en-tered the "Bullet": HEARD EVERYWHERE — TRAMP! TRAMP! WORRYING "BULL-DOG"—another telling com-mentary on the state of in-dustry to-day.

A modest young man of twenty-nine, an official at the Mansfield Employ-ment Exchange and a "Bulleteer" for several months past—that sums up Mr. G. C. Pitman, who entered for Com-petition No. 797 from 9, Shirburn Avenue, Mansfield, Notts.

A few words he wrote upon a "Bullets" coupon have gained for him the staggering choice of either £5 a week for life, £2,000 and a Motor-Car, or £4,500 cash.

At the time of making his entry, Mr. Pitman explained, he was leaving his apartments at the address above.

Now he has taken up fresh quarters a short distance away on the outskirts of Mansfield, at Devon, Mansfield Road, Forest Town, Mansfield.

Although Mr. Pitman does not claim to have con-structed the winning "Bullet" himself, he has previously captured a num-ber of smaller awards by using a spare half-hour a week to work on "Bullets."

After a hurried visit to Bath to discuss his good fortune with his parents, Mr. Pitman came to the de-cision that the sum of £4,500 would be his choice.

He has many plans for removing it from the "unemployed" list, as would any young man on whom fortune has smiled so early in life.

He is just one more on the long list of over 800 readers whose paths have been smoothed by a First Prize in our "Bullets" competition.

* * *

In this week's contest you have the opportunity of following Mr. Pitman to the top of the prize-list with the sub-stantial sum of £500 for filling up a coupon from page 35.

Weekly Informations from Maj.-Gen. SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

A SWINDLING Sherlock Holmes

Sir Wyndham counsels "a little judicious enquiry"

I FEEL called upon this week to expose the impudent operations of an organisation known as the Central Detective Bureau, of Hallam Street, Portland Place, London, W.

The principal, I find, is a man named James Lawrence Mahoney, in the early fifties, and who, like most rogues, seems gifted with an exceedingly plausible tongue.

He was advertising recently for partners in a "progressive business," and applicants to whom he granted interviews were regaled with impressive stories of his experiences in various parts of the world.

Perhaps if I outline the story of a Camberwell man, who was among the first applicants, my readers will gather some idea of Mahoney's methods.

By way of introduction, he told this man that he had been a detective in Ireland and elsewhere, and that his work had kept him in constant touch with Scotland Yard.

Then he began to grow reminiscent and to talk confidentially of the many sensational cases in which he had lent a hand and of the famous detectives he had known.

He had recently retired, he added, and was now devoting himself to the Central Detective Bureau.

Though the bureau was only in its infancy, it was already handling a remarkable volume of business, and had some very influential and distinguished clients on its books.

Delicate—

The Camberwell man was further told that the bureau specialised in delicate enquiries, where tact, secrecy and reliability were essential.

It was thus entrusted with cases which those involved preferred not to entrust to the police.

When everything had been discussed in this confidential manner, the applicant was offered a post with a salary of £5 a week, plus a liberal allowance for expenses.

Mahoney pointed out that the successful applicant would be required to deposit £50 as a guarantee of integrity—a precaution deemed desirable in view of the delicate responsibilities involved.

The Camberwell man was convinced by Mahoney's rhetoric, and imagined that he was being favoured by being admitted as an active partner in such a select enquiry bureau.

But once he had parted with his £50 disillusionment soon began to set in. To his surprise and disappointment, he found that there was really very little for him to do.

Imagination

A number of alleged clients were constantly calling, but Mahoney invariably interviewed them himself, and assured his partner that there would be "plenty of scope" for him shortly.

The alleged clients were really people who had answered Mahoney's advertisements, several of whom were similarly induced to part with money on the understanding that jobs would eventually be available for them.

The truth is that the Central Detective Bureau had no real existence except in the imagination of Mahoney, who drew freely upon his fancy in lying glibly about his police connections and past experience.

His sole object was to rob workless men, and investigations which my department has concluded show that he was simultaneously operating from another address as an old-established bookmaker.

In this guise he likewise obtained numerous cash deposits from investors to whom he promised work.

He contrived to keep up his duplicity just long enough to enrich himself to the tune of several hundred pounds; then, when he could no longer keep his various dupes apart, he avoided complications by disappearing.

Apart from the investors defrauded in his two bogus ventures, his landlords are bemoaning loss of rent, and numerous other creditors who supplied the supposed distinguished detective with goods have been left with unpaid bills.

Several hotels, it seems, have also been defrauded.

Investigations by my department also enable me to reveal a number of interesting facts concerning the missing Mahoney.

To begin with he uses several names, and from time to time he has been known in the aliases of Lawrence, Marney, Sparrow and Thompson.

For years he has been associated with a notorious gang of racing-sharps, through whose activities men and women have been relieved of money in bogus partnership schemes.

One woman who got in touch with Mahoney at an address in Bloomsbury was passed on to another member of the gang, and parted with £150 in what was described as a first-class turf-commission agency business.

According to the pictures painted to her, the concern had agents in all parts, and a big weekly turnover was assured.

Her experience was very similar to that of the victims of Mahoney's present schemes, for she soon found that her own money was lost and that several other people had likewise been parted from their cash.

Mahoney's tentacles, I find, have also reached to the provinces—to Manchester, Faversham and Chester.

Knows—is known

Far from being a detective, the only time he has had any connection with the police has been when, in one name or another, he has been arrested for obtaining money by false pretences.

He has been in jail on at least three occasions, and from what I have told of his recent operations, many will consider that he is entitled to a further period of restraint.

From documents in the dossier before me, it is apparent that though operating chiefly from the West End, the actual headquarters of the gang to which Mahoney belongs is at Southend-on-Sea.

A little judicious enquiry there might unearth him now that he is temporarily absent from his London haunts.

OUR HAPPY FARMER

ON a little farmstead in Wiltshire two people have been struggling along, fighting to keep cheerful in the face of acute agricultural depression. It has been a gruelling time, and there have been several strokes of ill-fortune.

There were badly-needed repairs crying out for attention. If only they could afford to hire another farm-hand. . . .

The struggle had been a happy one, really—but the worry was beginning to tell.

Just in time came a JOHN BULL cheque, payable to Miss Nellie Hillier, of The Brick, Clench Common, near Marlborough. She had won the first prize in our Crossword Competition No. 108.

Some years ago Miss Hillier threw in her lot with her brother, a smallholder, and since then their combined efforts have been expended to make their job a success.

Now: "I look at this prize as a reward for our hard work," Miss Hillier tells us. "The money will help to make a fresh start and give us enough in hand to make certain that our future will be free from worry.

"I haven't had a holiday for ten years, but now I shall be able to enjoy one—which I think I deserve.

"JOHN BULL's Crosswords have a peculiar fascination for me," Miss Hillier continued; "certainly they have represented almost my only relaxation from the cares of my job."

* * *

Relaxation—we all need it—and if it can be made to show a profit, so much the better. So push the cat off the cosiest armchair and turn to page 32 now!

ROOM for MY LADY'S

CRITICISM was made in the House of Commons the other night of the fact that State-subsidised houses are rented to people for whom they were never intended.

If Parliament had been aware of the following facts when it was discussing this matter we are certain that denunciation would have come from Members in all parts of the House.

There lives in Beaumont, Essex, a village between Clacton-on-Sea and Harwich, an ex-soldier named Mr. Henry Oaten.

While serving in the war with the Royal Sussex Regiment and the Royal Fusiliers, Oaten won the Military Medal and the Croix de Guerre for signal acts of bravery, and was mentioned a number of times in despatches.

He returned to Beaumont hoping that he would soon be installed in one of the promised homes for heroes.

Disappointment was in store. His family had to make shift in the house of a relative for a long time.

Ultimately, Mr. Oaten got the tenancy of a house in the district. But it is a miserable place, structurally little more than a hovel, damp and draughty, and primitive.

Six months ago he thought the opportunity to possess a proper home had at long last arrived.

A modest but modern house, belonging to the Essex County Council, fell vacant in the village, and Oaten made application for it.

The house was one of a number of cottage-holdings built in the neighbourhood since the war, with Government assistance.

An acre of ground, suitable for poultry-rearing and a vegetable garden, was attached, and the place seemed ideal for an ex-Service man's family.

Nothing more was heard about the application, however, until some weeks ago when a representative of the Essex Council called at Mr. Oaten's home.

The official made the astonishing request that Oaten should stand down in his candidature for the cottage.

Mr. Oaten rightly refused

Next day he received a letter from a department of the council inform

THE MYSTERY OF A Padded Cell

IF the public could be brought to realise how extraordinary are the methods of the lunacy authorities of this country, there would be such an expression of revolt that the Government would be compelled completely to overhaul the system.

Take the case of Mr. Edward Sams, a middle-aged electrician, of Artesian Road, Bayswater, London, W.

Mr. Sams is an epileptic subject, and four years ago he was under treatment for his affliction at West Park Mental Hospital, Epsom.

At that time a number of his ribs were fractured while he was in the institution, and it was reported to his wife that he had received the injuries in a struggle with male nurses.

Scratched, bruised, broken

Mrs. Sams was astonished by this information, because her husband had never shown the slightest tendency to violence.

Soon afterwards she succeeded in having Mr. Sams transferred from the asylum to an epileptic colony.

Since then he enjoyed good health at home until a few weeks ago, when there was a recurrence of the epilepsy, aggravated by congestion of the lungs and suspected pneumonia.

Mr. Sams was removed to a London hospital, from which he was sent back to the Epsom asylum.

He was in hospital there for ten days, and was then transferred to an ordinary lunacy ward.

Some days later, Mrs. Sams was staggered to receive information that her husband once again had his ribs fractured.

She and her brother, Mr. A. S. Willis, of Welling, Kent, went at once to the asylum and saw Mr. Sams in bed.

Mr. Willis is a trained nurse, and he observed that the patient bore scratches and was severely bruised about the shoulder, breast and throat. Two of his ribs were broken.

To his wife and his brother-in-law Mr. Sams made a statement describing the alleged manner in which he received these extensive injuries.

On the day he was transferred from the asylum hospital to the lunacy ward, Mr. Sams said, he was approached by an attendant who remarked to him: "Hullo, Sams, you are back again. You had your ribs broken last time you were here. Behave yourself, or you will be getting them broken again."

Shortly afterwards, Mr. Sams continued, he was looking through the ward window into the asylum grounds when an attendant spoke to him roughly and ordered him away.

"Can't you speak to a fellow like a human being?" Mr. Sams asked.

The attendant thereupon called two other attendants, and fearing from the menacing attitude in which he declares they approached him that he was about to be attacked, Mr. Sams admits that he seized a chair to ward them off.

The three attendants overpowered him, the statement proceeded, and he was dragged into a side-room, known as a padded room, and there, while lying on the ground, he heard one of the attendants say, "Let's bump him."

Mr. Sams next avers that one attendant seized him by the ankles and another by the shoulders, and together they raised him 3 ft. and then let him fall bodily to the ground.

This action, he declared, was repeated several times.

Finally, the statement concluded, he was thrown upon a low bed a few inches from the floor and was there kicked on the left side.

Threatened and—?

Having regard to the gravity of these allegations, Mrs. Sams and her brother decided to bring them at once to the attention of the authorities.

They were further impelled to do so by the curious fact that Mr. Sims had previously been similarly injured in this asylum, that he alleged he had been threatened before the assault, and that he had never to their knowledge shown any propensity to violence.

On behalf of his sister and her husband, Mr. Willis demanded that a proper enquiry should be ordered by the Board of Lunacy Control, that he and Mrs. Sams should be present, and that it should not be unduly delayed lest the evidence of the damage to Mr. Sams should disappear.

Twelve days later he was notified by the Board of Control that an enquiry would be held in the near future.

We have now to reveal the astonishing fact that when Mr. Willis received this information the enquiry had already been held!

A sub-committee, consisting of two women and a man, had exonerated everyone connected with the asylum from any blame for Mr. Sams' condition.

They had found that his statements that he had been "bumped" and kicked "were not in accordance with fact."

Hole-and-corner

But, they added, it was impossible to ascertain what it was that actually caused the fracturing of the ribs.

We are surprised that, having been so definite regarding the non-culpability of the attendants, the sub-committee of enquiry was unable to establish this vital fact.

We are appalled, however, by the circumstances surrounding the enquiry.

Why were Mrs. Sams and Mr. Willis not allowed to attend it?

And why were they told that an investigation would take place in the near future when, at the time they received this news, what passed for an enquiry had already taken place?

There is far too much of this hole-and-corner work in connection with the lunacy administration of Britain.

The London County Council must reopen the enquiry into Mr. Sams' case—and it must be in public and an opportunity given for his relatives to be heard.

The new Chairman of the L.C.C.—Mr. Ernest Sanger—should make it one of his first duties to order a proper enquiry

GARDENER

ing him that he could not have the house because preference had been given to someone who had made a prior application.

It was months before that Mr. Oaten had made his application—within a few hours of the occupier deciding to give up the cottage—and this was the first he heard that anyone could have been so quick as to forestall him.

People in the district were surprised when it became known that the successful prior applicant was Lady Susan Birch, a daughter of the late Earl of Hardwicke.

She occupies Beaumont Hall, a splendid house and estate in this part of Essex, and the county wondered why her ladyship should want a humble, publicly-owned cottage.

Their surprise and wonder grew when it was next learned that an exception had been made in her favour from the almost inviolable rule of the county council that State-subsidised houses shall not be sub-let.

This privilege had been granted to Lady Susan, and she has now installed in the cottage one of her gardeners,

Lady Susan Birch

who came to Beaumont Hall only a few months ago!

We accuse the Essex County Council of having abused the spirit and purpose of local housing schemes in having behaved so generously to a member of the aristocracy, and present this as a clear case for the quick intervention of the Ministry of Health.

Lady Susan, most probably, has not been aware of the facts which we set out.

She may now save further trouble by surrendering the house so that it can be occupied by an ex-Service man with the fine record of Mr. Oaten.

Frazier's FAR-FLUNG NET

THIS week's oddest offer emanates from a certain Mr. O. A. Frazier, who is issuing books of sweepstake-tickets on a singularly widespread scale.

One such book has been received by a JOHN BULL reader.

The proposition is as follows: Our reader is invited to purchase a ticket for a dance and to send in an estimate of the average number of bushels of wheat grown in the last five years on a hundred acres of a certain farm.

The prize for the most accurate figure is the farm itself, which, we learn, comprises 320 acres, all fenced and complete with chicken-houses, granaries, livestock and machinery.

It is said to be near the railway and only a mile from a good school.

* * *

Readers will agree that the offer is certainly a novel one, but stranger details have yet to be revealed.

Our correspondent lives in the Isle of Wight—the dance for which he is invited to purchase a ticket is to be held in Alliance, Alberta, Canada!

It is in Alliance, too, that Mr. O. A. Frazier has his headquarters, and remittances for tickets, which are priced at one dollar, are to be sent to him.

It is kind of Mr. O. A. Frazier to give people in England the opportunity of competing for his farm, which is described as being only six miles from Alliance.

It is kind of him also to promise to notify the winner by cable and to provide free transportation.

But this kindness, we find, is not extended to his more immediate fellows. A note in the book before us states emphatically that "there will be no tickets sold in the Alliance district."

* * *

As Mr. O. A. Frazier has seemingly reserved his privileges for people in the Old Country, it seems a little unpatriotic that he should have fixed the date for his dance on July 4 American Independence Day.

We suggest that readers will not be unwise if they show a little independence of their own and let Mr. Frazier's odd offer go to—Alliance!

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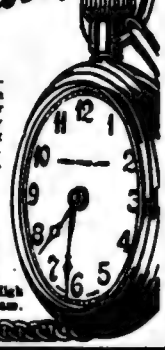

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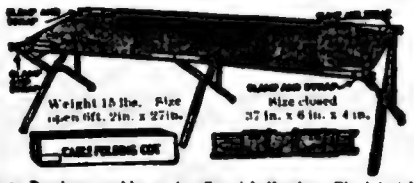

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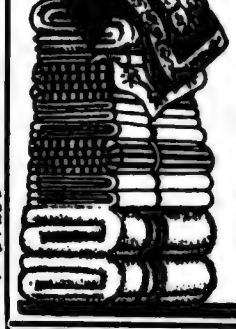

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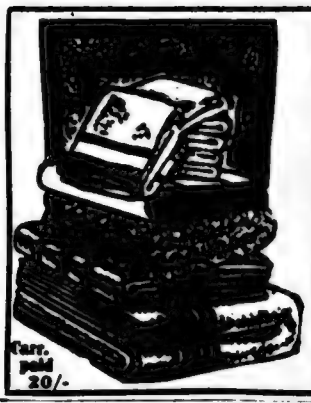

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Alfonso joins the rejects on the shelf—Hassan of Hedjaz, Wilhelm of Germany, George of Greece, Mohammed of Turkey, China's boy emperor, Amanullah of Afghanistan, Bulgarian Ferdinand, Manuel of Portugal

ALFONSO

"It is because Alfonso failed to follow the English model that he has fallen."

by

A. G. GARDINER

IT is generally agreed that King Alfonso has acted sensibly. Doubtless he could have put up a fight, but the only result would have been civil war and confusion, in which much blood would have been shed and many innocent lives sacrificed, and at the end of which he would have been as certainly out of his job as he is to-day.

His fall, as I shall show later, was due to his failure to read the signs of the times; but, apart from his own mistakes, he is also the victim of the world-wide repudiation of royalty, and specially of hereditary despotism.

After the war it was inevitable that a scapegoat should be found for all the mischief that had been done.

It may not be true, as the American Ambassador said, that all the trouble was due to "This King business." Republics can make war as well as monarchies.

But there is plenty of evidence from the post-war revelations that the storm was largely brewed by the European despots and it was not unnatural that when it was over there was a blast of popular feeling against anything in the nature of a crowned head.

In those thrilling November days of 1918, when the guns had ceased, you could almost hear the crashing of thrones all over Europe.

Tsars and Emperors, Kings and Grand Dukes, great and small, fell like leaves in autumn.

The chief of them all did not dare to go home to face the music, but fled into Holland, where he has remained ever since, as forlorn a figure as any in Europe.

Prince Micawber

He is only the most conspicuous of "the host" of monarchs and princelings whose occupation is gone.

The fate of these unfortunates is various. Some of them, like the Grand Duke Cyril, and young Prince Otto, the heir of the Hapsburgs, are prosperous and living on the Riviera or in other sunny and desirable places.

Many of the German princes, including Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, are living in the Fatherland, waiting for something to turn up.

The ex-King of Portugal seems settled for life as an English country gentleman, and young George of Greece, who lost his throne in 1923, was until recently at Oxford, where he took part in the debates of the Union.

Ferdinand of Bulgaria still flits about Europe like a figure out of a novel by Le Queux, with his huge nose and his air of the shady adventurer of romance.

I saw him recently with his suite on a train going from Naples to Pompeii, a powerful, unforgettable figure, still vigorous and dominating.

The Archduke Max was working until recently in a building firm at Barcelona.

Some have fallen upon complete poverty, others are beginning life anew in America, trying to adapt themselves to the role of private citizens.

The world is still heaving in the vast wake of the war, but whatever shape the convulsions take, they offer no promise of a recall of the monarchs.

Germany may toy with Fascism or Sovietism, but it has finished with Kaiserism. William killed that creed for ever in the hearts of the Germans the day he fled into Holland.

And so with Greece, with Portugal, with Austria, Hungary, and the rest. From the English Channel to the Urals and from the Urals to Vladivostock monarchism is dethroned, as it is dethroned throughout the continent of America.

On the fringe of the European continent, it is true, certain monarchies survive—in the Scandinavian countries, in the Low Countries, and in Italy.

In the last named, it survives perilously under the shadow of Mussolini's dictatorship—not as a reality, but as a convenience permitted and tolerated by a superior power.

With the fall of Alfonso it is almost true to say that only one of the great historic monarchies of the world has outlived the storm. It is the British monarchy.

The rock of Britain

And the remarkable fact about the British monarchy is that, in a world where dethroned princes have become almost as plentiful as tabby-cats, it is, more popular and more firmly rooted than it has ever been.

It has not only weathered the tempest that swept the Continental Kings before it like dust. It has weathered also the accession of Labour to political power and an extension of the franchise that amounts almost to a revolution.

And at the end it is no exaggeration to say that there is less visible hostility to the throne than there ever has been.

No Party includes republicanism in its programme, and the subject is never discussed as a living issue on the platform.

Fifty years ago republicanism was a live question in politics. It is so no longer.

Desperate despots

This does not mean that the British people are out of step with the modern world. It means that the problem of monarchism which has led to the destruction of the system almost throughout Europe is entirely different from the problem of monarchism here.

Where monarchism has fallen it has fallen because it has been associated with the doctrine of personal power. It existed by "divine right," and in defiance of the popular will or consent.

In a calm world and quiet times this doctrine was tolerated. But directly the earthquake came despotic monarchy collapsed.

It did not collapse here, because the idea of personal power had long been divorced from the British throne.

We settled the question of "divine right" nearly three centuries ago, and in the interval had devised a constitutional system which gave the people through Parliament absolute power.

Into this system the monarchy was incorporated, not as an executive or initiating power, but as a constitutional function, a sort of impartial umpire that stood aloof from the Party conflict for reference and use in case of emergency.

There have been monarchs in the past who have very unwisely tried to restore the element of personal power; but in recent years, and notably under the present King, the relations of the Crown have been established beyond future challenge.

It is because Alfonso failed to follow the English model that he has fallen.

When he suspended the constitution and set up a dictator he decreed his own fate.

The people, robbed of their political freedom, turned against the dictator, as in the end they always will. And they involved the King in the overthrow of his instrument.

Republican snags

He fell not because he was personally unpopular, but because he had attempted to restore the "dead and damned" doctrine of despotic monarchy.

That doctrine can never be resurrected again. If there is a future for monarchy, it must be monarchy on the limited and constitutional system adopted here and in such countries as Sweden and Holland.

This system has many virtues that are lacking in the Republican President, and so long as it is honoured in the letter and the spirit it will not be disturbed in this country.

FORGETTING *Injuries*

Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

A WELL-KNOWN writer confesses that he has never outgrown the utter amazement wherewith every now and then he has found himself attacked and slandered by persons to whom he has never given cause of offence.

People he hardly knows have gone out of their way to do him harm, to destroy his character, and to tell discreditable stories about him which are utterly false.

There is nothing surprising in this kind of experience. There are many human beings who take a malicious pleasure in saying cruel things about others.

We all know people who like inflicting pain. They would rather hear evil of a neighbour than good, and when they know nothing against him they are quite ready to invent something to his detriment.

Another discovery that we all make sooner or later is that to bestow favours is not necessarily to increase friendship. The person for whom you have sacrificed the most may care very little about you; his interest and affection may be lavished in an entirely different direction.

Pride, vanity and self-love often show themselves in unexpected ways, and one of these is the dislike of acknowledging an obligation.

From this mean attitude it is not difficult for a thankless person to come in time to hate the sight of one to whom he is conscious of owing something in the way of advantage or opportunity.

Another queer thing about many human beings is the fact that prejudice can outlast the proof that it is unfounded.

I have seen a man in a real rage because it was proved to him that the bad conduct he attributed to another had never been committed.

He wanted to believe that it had, and nothing that one could say could shake his unfavourable opinion of the object of his dislike.

But candour compels us to admit that we can all forgive ourselves much too readily for offences of this class while finding it hard to forgive others when we ourselves are the victims of the same malignant spirit. This should teach us tolerance.

A slanderous tongue should be silenced if it threatens destruction to aught that you hold dearer than yourself; but the best cure for mere idle gossip is to ignore it.

Do not stoop to retaliation; do not expect confessions and apologies, for you won't get them, or, if you do, you will get more rancour with them.

Rise above these smutty clouds and dwell in the purer air of the charity that thinketh no evil. And your heart will be at peace.

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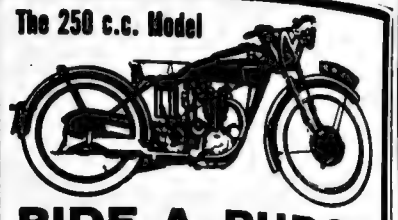

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Menace of Murdered English

by E. Roffe Thompson

Between law-framer and law-dispenser the citizen is puzzled and dismayed

I WAS lunching the other day at the House of Commons with a friend of mine when he suddenly surprised me by announcing that he was reading for the Bar.

"What on earth for," I asked; "are you tired of politics?"

"Not at all," was the unexpected reply, "but I'm tired of unremunerative politics.

"I'm tired of watching other people pick up fat livings because they call themselves barristers and spend their time clearing up the muddles that other barristers have made.

"I'm reading for the Bar just as hard as I can, because I want to get into the middle of that game."

And he pointed to a dozen bewigged and bewigged gentlemen who had just come into the dining-room.

A *mug's game*

"I'm through with trying to reform legislation," he continued. "That's a mug's game. I'm going to interpret it. That's the only profitable line in politics."

It was a curious coincidence that almost the first person I met on leaving the House of Commons was a naval commander who, smarting under a grievance, remarked bitterly that all laws were framed by a minority for the benefit of the few and the annoyance of the majority.

He had some very rude things to say about Parliamentary draftsmen—the legal gentlemen who draft Acts of Parliament in such a way that often no one can understand what they mean, and that nearly always necessitate expensive actions in the courts before a definite ruling on some simple issue can be obtained.

If I were asked to choose the most ridicrous example I know of the cynical and careless disregard for horse-sense displayed by those who—for comfortable emoluments—draft our Acts of Parliament in a manner that would disgrace an intelligent schoolboy, I think I should recall the farcical story of the new Swan and Edgar building in Piccadilly Circus, London.

Not long ago, one set of Government inspectors insisted upon an extra storey being added to, satisfy one or other of the many conditions of the London Building Act.

Another set of inspectors—under the control of the same Ministry—declined to allow this extra storey to be added because it could not be made to conform to the requirements of some other Act of Parliament which was supposed to be somehow concerned with people's safety.

That is a plain example of sheer muddle-headedness; but there are other and worse phases of lawyer-made legislation.

If he couldn't—!

I once heard Sir John Simon denounce a clause in an amending Insurance Act because he said he could not make head or tail of it. It was taken away and redrafted.

But had it not been for the vigilance of Sir John Simon, an unintelligible and vague clause would have become law and handed over hundreds of thousands of people to the tender mercies of Whitehall officials.

Take even such an apparently simple thing as an income-tax form.

Because of the inability of these people to state a plain fact in a plain way, the taxpayer must either give it up in despair and pay what he is told, or go to an expert in such matters and pay him a heavy fee in order to ascertain what are his just liabilities.

It is not to be wondered at that the idea is firmly rooted in the average man's mind that laws are made by one set of lawyers for the benefit of another set.

I have just been reading—or rather trying to read—the "Town and Country Planning Bill," which is now before Parliament. And they are at it again.

Town and country planning is obviously both necessary and desirable, and a Bill to bring all the other Acts up to date is a good idea.

But why can't it be done in a way that would enable anyone to understand what it is all about?

More autocracy

Since the Bill, in extending the scope of town-planning schemes to any land whatever, enlarges the object of such schemes so as to include protection of rural amenities, how is it that you can search the Bill in vain for any definition of "rural amenities"?

Is it just sloppy draftsmanship, or is it another case of deliberate vagueness intended to give Whitehall once more absolute and autocratic power?

For it is quite certain that, as the Bill stands, petrol-stations, roadside tea-houses, hoardings, and almost any building could be construed as being detrimental to such undefined "amenities," and could be ordered to be removed.

I suppose it never occurs to those who gaily and lightheartedly draft these Bills that the bread-and-butter of thousands of people often depends on the real meaning of what they have vaguely expressed?

I'll explain what I mean. Without burdening you with technical jargon, I can assure you that certain clauses of this Town Planning Bill, without specifically mentioning either bill-posting stations or hoardings, gives unlimited power both for the removal of existing ones and the refusal to allow others to be erected.

Now, the point is this: You may have quite definite ideas on the æsthetic value of outdoor advertisements.

You may argue that they enhance "rural amenities" or that they destroy them.

But what reason is that for allowing vaguely-worded clauses to jeopardise the employment of approximately 50,000 workers in the printing industry, the billposting trade, carpenters and joiners, building-trade workers and many other allied trades?

There is one beautiful clause which ought to stand for ever as a perfect example of fatuous draftsmanship:

> "No provision contained in a scheme for prohibiting or regulating building operations shall apply in relation to the erection of buildings required for agricultural purposes upon land which is for the time being used for those purposes, unless that land is reserved by that scheme for any purpose, the carrying out of which in the future will necessitate the removal of buildings from the land."

What other meaning is there in that rigmarole except that what is allowed is not really allowed at all?

In other words, does it mean anything except that a "provision" which it is stated shall not apply *shall* apply all the time?

Hundreds

I only mentioned this particular Bill to show how dangerous apparently sound legislation can become once the lawyers get their tortuous minds to work on it; for, after all, this Bill is only the latest of hundreds of the same vague kind.

When the House of Commons passed the Rating and Valuation Act (1925), it really wasted its time, for the Act contained a clause which allowed the Minister to make orders which "may modify the provisions of this Act so far as may appear to the Minister necessary or expedient for carrying the order into effect."

In other words, no matter what the Act says, the Minister may do just the contrary if he wishes.

The Lord Chief Justice not long ago acidly characterised all this sort of thing as "administrative lawlessness."

And so it is; for so loosely are many of these Acts drafted, and so careless is the House of Commons about their effects, that more than one Act has specifically put the Minister beyond reach of the courts.

"The Minister shall make such order in the matter as he thinks just," says one such Act, "*and an order made by the Minister under this provision shall be final and not subject to appeal to any court.*"

Check now!

After centuries of struggle and bloodshed to achieve a modicum of hard-won freedom, that must strike anyone as the apotheosis of insolent arrogance.

Parliament is falling into enough disrepute as it is without adding to the growing disgust and distrust of the people by passing legislation which it neither understands nor intends.

It is time it put a definite check to a growing tendency on the part of Whitehall to take arbitrary powers which are tending more and more to become indistinguishable from despotism.

The Human Machine

Just Bone-Lazy

IT is a common cry nowadays that we are living too fast; and it is one of those glib statements that are much easier to say than to prove. For before we can say that we are living too fast we have first to discover how fast we can live.

Few of us know that. Few of us have ever tried to find out. What those who complain really mean is not that they are living too fast, but that they are being swept along too fast. What really annoys them is not the speed of life, but the speed at which life is leaving them behind.

Mr. Gordon Selfridge said recently that the day of the amateur muddler is past. He said that every task in the business world required skill, just as it did in any of the professions.

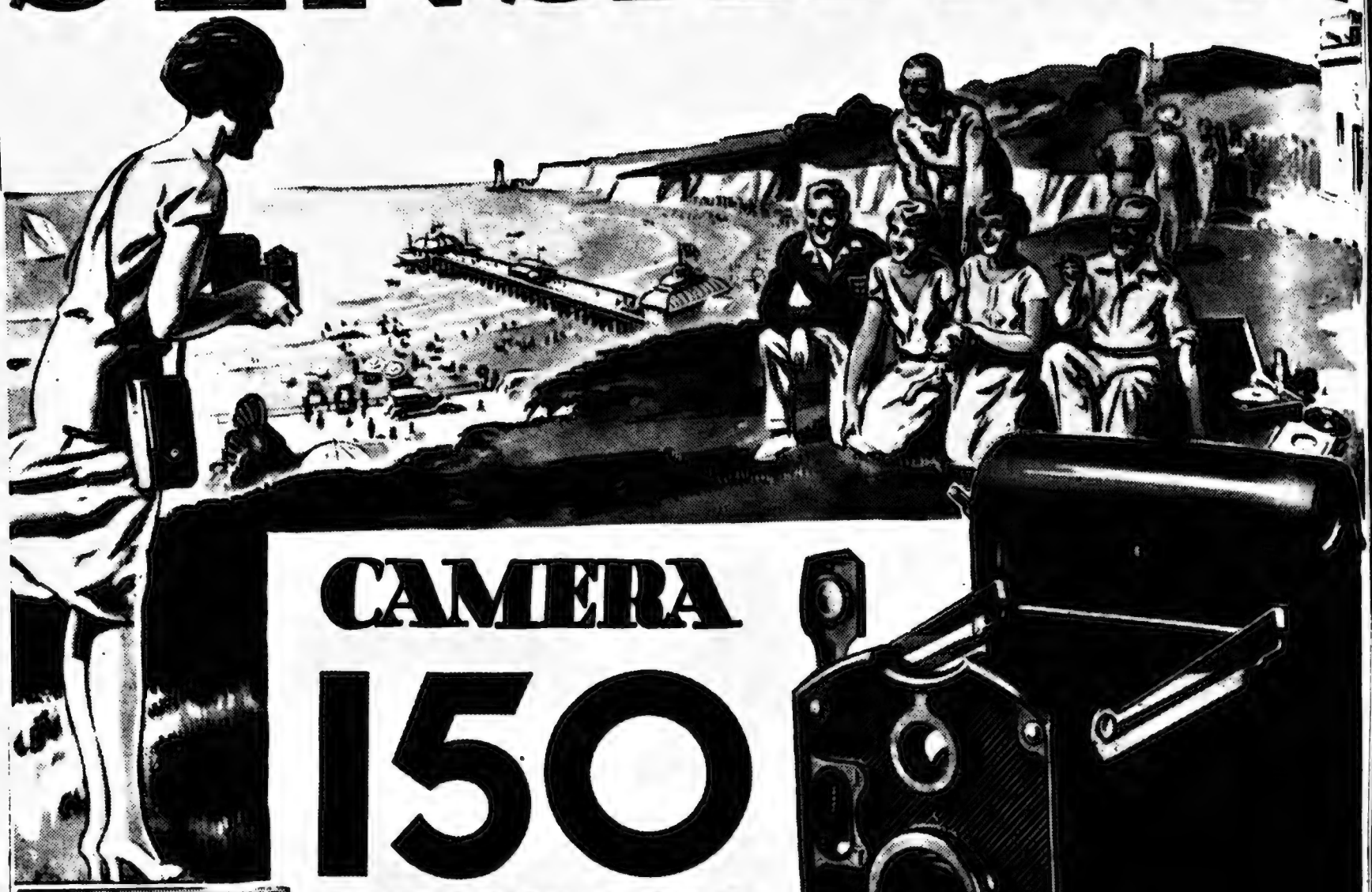
If he had said that the day of the amateur muddler in life was past, he would still have been right. If he had said that every task in life required skill he would not have been exaggerating.

People who say that life is too fast are those who only muddle along instead of living along, people who are trying to do this year's jobs with last year's ideas, people who are struggling with to-day under some dim sort of notion that it is still yesterday.

Life is not too fast for those who are willing to learn, to adopt and to adapt, to scrap old ideas, and to take a positive delight in throwing away anything that has outlived its usefulness.

Those who say we are living too fast are just bone-lazy.

SENSATION



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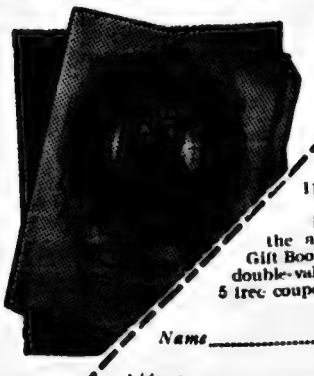

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A LIFE-LINE FOR King Coal

"We shall never see the dawn of a brighter day unless we work together"

ALL the wealth that Great Britain gathered in the age of steam came out of coal. There are something over 170,000 million tons of coal still in the treasure-chest.

Every year we dig out something like £200,000,000 worth. Yet coal is one of our most distressful industries. The *average* profit is only 4½d. per ton.

It seems amazing that so colossal a trade, serving every other trade and every citizen in the country, should not be flourishing. Nobody is happy in it.

The miners clamour for more wages and shorter hours. The coalowners complain that they cannot, as things are, make ends meet and leave a little over. Even the merchant, who is usually better off than either, grumbles at bad times.

If you ask anybody in the coal business for an answer to this riddle of woe in the midst of wealth, he is almost sure to say *oil*. When other countries struck oil, they struck a shrewd blow at coal. Indeed, we seem to have passed from the Age of Coal to the Age of Oil.

Can we take this as a complete answer?

Admittedly coal is "up against it." On the other hand, its troubles did not begin with the gushing of oil-wells. They began when Great Britain ceased to be the one and only big coal-producing and coal-using country.

Do it again!

IT is a British tradition that when our difficulties are most desperate we show the greatest skill and courage in facing them.

The coal industry has the chance of following this tradition or going under. Half-measures are of no use. Nothing less than a concentration of all the available resources of technical and business skill on radical reform will avail for the restoration of the industry to health.

Pooling schemes and marketing schemes are excellent up to a point. But they do not touch the root of the matter—which is to find a new way of getting the highest value out of our stores of coal.

Coal, properly treated, can yield us smokeless solid fuel, gas for lighting, heating and power purposes, manure for our fields, tar for our roads, heavy oil for fuel purposes, light oil for motor-cars and aeroplane engines, and a host of dyes, explosives, disinfectants and chemicals in regular use.

Yet when we try to find out what is being done to get the best out of this wonderful asset, we are plunged into confusion that is little short of chaos.

Every industry and every expert has a different solution, but in the multitude of counsellors there is not wisdom.

In a few cases electric power-stations "carbonise" the coal more or less in the gas-works fashion, selling the gas for industrial purposes and burning the remaining smokeless solid fuel under boilers.

Behind all these is advancing an army of champions of what is known as "low-temperature carbonisation."

Perhaps it is flattery to call them an army. They are as busy fighting each other as they are in conquering their common enemy. What unites them is the belief that we must not treat coal to get gas or electricity, but one or more of the valuable things hitherto looked upon as by-products.

"Low-temperature carbonisation" has the same sort of mysterious soothing sound as Mesopotamia had to the old lady in the story. But there is nothing mysterious, and little that is soothing, about it.

While the gas companies treat the gas coal in their retorts to about 900 deg. in order to get gas first and foremost, the other people consider that treating at a lower temperature is better all round, because it gives not only a certain amount of gas, but bigger and better supplies of such things as smokeless fuel, tar, heavy oil and petrol.

They may be right, but the way they have gone about the job is simply amazing.

Wasteful struggles

THERE are over 120 different companies in the business, and they are working with close on fifty different processes.

A few of them have managed, after long and wasteful struggles, to reach the commercial stage. Other processes have completely failed or are on the point of being abandoned.

The Government has also, through the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, taken a hand in the game.

Useful experiments have been carried out at the Fuel Research Station, East Greenwich, but the work is hampered by lack of money.

The Department wants to build an experimental coke-oven plant at a cost of £50,000, but has to wait "until financial circumstances permit."

Meanwhile, what has the coalowner been doing to bring science to the aid of his depressed industry?

While other industries have organised themselves for joint research, the coal industry has, in the main, stood aloof. Individual firms have dabbled with experiments, often doing over again what others have done.

There has been no cohesion, no common plan, no push.

One does not need to be a fuel expert or a politician or a prophetic genius to see what is wanted here. If we are ever to make the coal industry prosperous we must have a union of forces.

We must bring everybody together—the State, the coalowners, the miners' unions, the coal-merchants, the fuel experts, the chemists, the physicists, the gas and electrical engineers, the marine engineers—and concentrate their efforts on finding the best way of employing our coal-wealth.

Unless they move—!

IF all those concerned with coal will pool their resources in brains and money, there will be enough of both to revolutionise the outlook for coal.

Unless the coal industry takes action, the Government must move. Indeed, Mr. Tom Johnston's statement in the censure debate last week shows that steps may be taken.

Those steps should be to form a Coal Council representing all interests, and set the council going on a programme of research and reform.

No one need raise the bogy of "nationalisation" in such a matter. The scheme has nothing to do with Party wrangles. Nationalisation comes in only because the problem is of national urgency and the nation wants to see it solved.

One big group has already made international arrangements for marketing petrol made from coal.

This home-made petrol is as good as any other. It is not likely, however, to be as cheap as the petrol distilled from oil which is simply pumped out of the earth. Nevertheless, it is something to be able to get 120 gallons of petrol out of a ton of coal.

It is something also to know that we can get fourteen gallons of fuel oil out of a ton of coal. This is the heavy oil used on steamers and for oil-engines generally.

Contrary to the popular impression, it is much more important that we should develop the heavy-oil side of the coal industry than the petrol side.

Even if we made all the petrol we need from our coal, we would not increase our output of coal by more than 3 or 4 per cent., whereas the use of home-made oil would bring a big demand for coal, and plenty of employment for miners.

Eve of great things

APART from oil and petrol, much remains to be done in improving the use of powdered coal for power-stations and in developing patent smokeless fuels for domestic purposes.

In all these matters we want to "clear the air" in more senses than one.

The keener-sighted people who have been working on coal feel that we are on the eve of great discoveries and great achievements. But we shall never see the dawn of the brighter day unless we work together for it.

Who will make the first move?

DRAMA *behind* *the* CUP

THE little woman with her soul in her eyes is oblivious to the clamour of great Wembley. She is not even thinking of a certain small person who has been left with her mother.

Her eyes are for one active figure in shirt and shorts.

There is a tolerant interest when the men of his own side sweep down to attack, but she wants the ball to go to him; she wants to see him break through—to hear the rapturous roar of triumph as the ball rasps into the net.

Not so long ago she was a programme seller in a Midland kinema. Her prettiness has not faded with motherhood.

She is still a "fan," as in the courtship days when she led the cheering cry of the short-skirted brigade.

But now she is less vociferous, more intense.

In a little house

If "the team" wins, her man has largely done it. There is only one handshake with Royalty that really matters. . . .

And when the waves of emotion have fallen to a reminiscent calm, her mind switches back automatically to a small house in a row of similar houses in a crowded suburb.

That is where the romance of the Cup battle lies—not in the tumult of the hard-fought field—there, in the homes of the players, in the factory and playing-field, the school in which their ambition was born and nurtured.

Of the twenty-two men in the Birmingham and West Bromwich teams, seventeen have wives and homes, relatives and a legion of friends and admirers.

Heroes for a few football seasons, they have their lives to live and their ways to make in the world. For a while they are the envy of their contemporaries and their juniors.

Waste-ground champion

Were you to ask the average Birmingham and West Bromwich boy of the working-class whom he would rather be, a Cup Finalist or a Prime Minister, there would be few aspirants for Mr. MacDonald's job.

How do these Cup Finalists arrive; what are their lives?

There is a patch of waste ground near the West Bromwich playing-field—the famous Hawthorns—where scratch games of football are played by boys and youths.

Piles of the young players' coats serve as goal-posts; there is a small referee with a penny whistle—but doesn't he know every move and penalty of the game!

Fred Everiss, the West Bromwich Albion secretary, can never keep his eyes off a moving football. He stopped and watched one such game as this. The vigour and enthusiasm of the players made up for lack of formalities and frills.

The urchin with the penny whistle shrilled his final blast, and the combatants turned to select coats from the heaps.

Everiss walked over to one slim lad and took him aside. The manager made a note in his pocket-book and bestowed a benevolent pat on a quivering shoulder.

Carter, that dancing inside-right in the West Bromwich colours, had been "signed on." It was his first big step towards Wembley!

For several seasons he went into the Albion nursery, fighting his way to the goal of his ambition—a "lad of the village" picked out by the Argus eyes of trained selectors.

They do not all arrive that way, for the make-up of the complete Cup-fighting team is as varied as life itself.

The West Bromwich side is all English, and ten of the eleven were born within twelve miles of the ground. When they are in a hole the Albion do not wire to Scotland for players.

It was a local tradition that when the Albion wanted a player they went to the fellow at the head of any near-by coal-pit, gave him an ounce of tobacco, and told him to send down and get a full-back.

But to-day the selection of young players is taken to a finer point.

Six of the Albion side in this Cup Final—Pearson, W. G. Richardson, Magee, Glidden, Carter and Sandford—were playing for obscure amateur teams when they attracted the attention of the experts.

He is one of Albion's seven husbands —T. Glidden, the captain, with his wife and Roy

These six, along with Trentham, Edwards and Wood, all went through the Albion nursery, watched, encouraged and criticised by experts and friends who knew them from their schooldays.

They catch them young, these players who figure in the great Cup battle, just as they catch all professionals in the Association football leagues. And that is where football does not mean a lifetime of glory.

For they have no training in industry to carry them on beyond their playing days.

Their business during their playing years is football only. The wages in first-class clubs are good—£8 a week in the season and £6 in the summer.

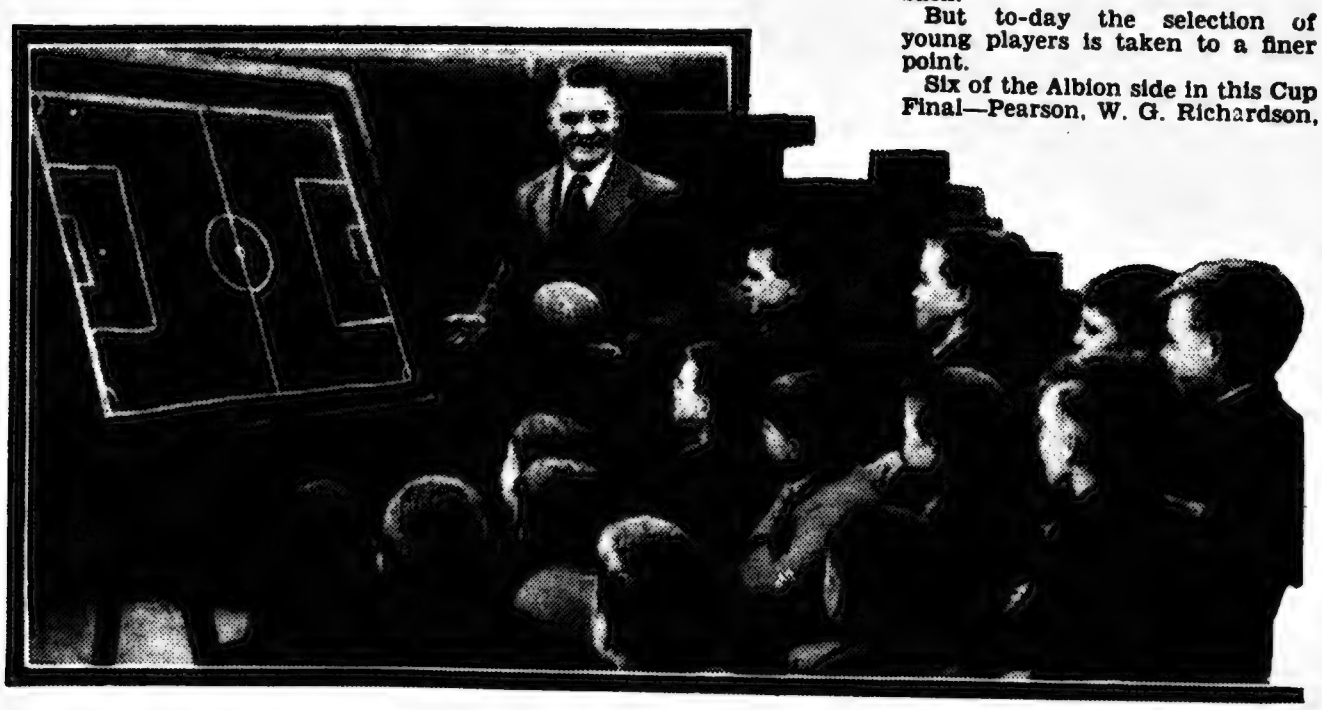
Also, there are bonuses for special successes, such as league promotion, and, in the case of the winning team; £20 each man for the Cup Final.

Fighting-cocks

They can save a little if they are careful, but standards of living are higher than they used to be.

The claims of the game are supreme. No longer can a man work at his factory-bench four days of the week and turn out fit to meet the matchless athletes who win league championships and cups.

Most of the contenders in the



Liddell, the Birmingham school-teacher, the only man with a career

Women who Help to Win

Birmingham is a much-married team. E. L. Barkas, the captain, his wife and son

Getting ready—some Albion headwork

big game at Wembley are sons of the working-class.

Had not the special glory of their athletic vigour snatched them away, they would have had to remain in pit or workshop, or in a dozen other employments, earning from £2 to £4 a week.

But as athletes trained to the last ounce, they must have the choicest food; their clothes are of choicer quality; in their travels about England they learn more of the world and acquire tastes which rise above those which they would be liable to indulge as working-men.

And who shall blame them? for they are veritable heroes and celebrities in their own districts. Their wives and children can in the heyday of popular success afford to live a little better than their neighbours.

Yet ever and anon that small voice asks the player and his wife: "How long will it last?"

So you see there is sometimes a little cloud over the glamour.

And they must keep fit in summer, when the great arenas are closed. A little golf, cricket, running, boating, physical jerks.

Not the kind of occupation to keep the home-fires burning when the fell words, "Too old," are written against their names.

Now and then a popular warrior of the football-pitch is put into a public-house by a discerning brewer.

The odd success

Here and there the famous players are absorbed as coaches and trainers by schools and minor clubs.

You will find them in the dressing-rooms of great league clubs, but in these ranks there is room only for a few.

A long-headed customer sometimes feathers his nest by sheer nous and attention to business.

At the time Jock Rutherford was filling rapturous stands for the Arsenal at Highbury, London, he was running a stationer's shop in Caledonian Road. Now he is comfortably fixed in the licensed trade.

Of the valiant twenty-two at Wembley only one has an assured career in after-life. He is Liddell, the school-teacher, who is the partner of Barkas, the Birmingham full-back.

Harry Hibbs, the Birmingham goalkeeper, was for a while a greengrocer, but his business today is solely that of being England's—and Birmingham's—outstanding goalkeeper.

He may return to the cabbages and peas when he can no longer hold a pelting line of forwards from his goal-mouth.

"A professional footballer is a lucky man if he is still playing in first-class matches at thirty-four years of age."

Thus Hibbs, normally the most cheerful of men, who yet visualises the later responsibilities of married life.

"Football," he says, "is more than a mere game to us. It is our living, although a sport.

"What happens to the man who is permanently crocked or loses his form for good? Well, he just goes back to what he was before he became a pro. And you are not really old when you have no more first-class football in you.

"It's a worry, but"—adds this cheery philosopher—"so is every business."

Two weddings?

While seven of the Albion team are married, there are ten Benedicts in the Birmingham side—thereby hangs a small romance. The odd bachelor of Birmingham is on the path to join the married majority. If Birmingham wins the Cup——?

If the Albion take back the Cup to West Bromwich, that £20 winning bonus will most probably be the clinching argument in favour of another wedding.

There have already been sly digs in the training-quarters about the absence of a young player on courting expeditions.

As many of the seventeen wives as can get there by hook or by crook will watch from Wembley stands the flying figures of their gallant young husbands. They know the game, these young wives—who better!

For they are a cheerful, vivid company who snatch the moment's glory. They are of the new generation who are not content to cower by the fireside while doughty deeds are done.

Several of them saw their husbands play in the semi-finals of the Cup. They are a very present help throughout the season. The wise manager approves the thoughtful wife.

One, indeed, has seen the team in every home match, and holds the record of travelling to all the Cup elimination games which have been played away from the Midland centre.

In their homes talk about the "Final" is not allowed. They know their men are thinking, often worrying, about the great clash—will they let the side down, will they make some foolish blunder before the roaring thousands of Wembley?

So the talk is guided carefully away from the great event of their lives, though afterwards tongues will run nineteen to the dozen.

And what strong partisans these wives and sweethearts are!

Two of them whose husbands are on rival sides have "not spoken" since the semi-finals. They were firm friends until then and frequent cronies over the tea-cups.

But defeat or victory will surely wipe out the memory of all bitterness. They are sportswomen, though blind partisans in the height of the struggle, these young wives.

They are thrilled by the popularity and the triumphs of their husbands—it would not be in the picture of their lives to overdraw the anxieties which are a part of the great ball game.

Summer in idleness

Their content, at any rate, is assured, barring physical accident, for at least a year.

The two Midland clubs will be able to show sound balance-sheets, swelled by Cup-Tie gates. There will be plenty of money for wages in the "off" season.

But it is not always so with footballers. Sometimes clubs have bad seasons. They can barely pay the higher standard wages; there are fewer fat bonuses even for the shining celebrities; probably there will be no pay at all during the summer.

And even a distinguished footballer cannot find a job when over two million are on the waiting-list of industry.

So wives must contrive and save during the wage-paid weeks of the winter season. They do it splendidly and their men are grateful when they see the distresses of others. . . .

* * * *

But now the screen rolls over private lives; the ball has been centred; Wembley's legions have heard the referee's opening whistle; the game's alive and the ball is flickering back and forth in the green arena.

The fighting spirit has gripped the twenty-two gladiators, and the massed hundred-thousand live only for the classic contest.

Anxiety over brilliant Bradford. Birmingham's key-man undergoing electrical treatment

Do you judge your smokes by the supreme test of the connoisseur who demands that each and every smoke shall be fragrant and completely enjoyable from light-up to finish? If so, no more need be said, but can you say this about your present smoke? If not, try a Manikin.

With every puff from light-up to finish your verdict will ring out true and clear—fragrant and satisfying!—fragrant and satisfying!!—till, with the deepest regret, you throw away the last tiny fragment of this most enjoyable smoke.

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Vivid Extracts from the Diary of "MINE HOST"

". . . she was leading the young girl, who was sobbing, back . . ."

Romance of a HOTEL REGISTER

THERE is a drawer in my office desk full of odds and ends which I sometimes rummage in the way of reminiscence—a musical programme or two, some special menus drawn for particular people, faded cards and a firearm.

There have been some strange happenings in this northern stopping-place of passers-by of which I am manager—"mine host" the jocular ones sometimes call me.

And the raffle of souvenirs reminds me that daily life in an hotel contains more concentrated and more varied tragedy than any other place in which people live.

Old man's darling

In every hotel in any town of importance you can rub elbows with drama and romance, passion and love, ambition and deceit, mirth—and sometimes murder.

The modern hotel is a storehouse of dramatic material, and every room may be a stage on which a comedy, a tragedy, or a romance is enacted.

To the casual observer life may not appear unusual or spectacular.

Yet while he was under this roof there was played a version of the "eternal triangle"—of no importance to the world in general, but of vital importance to the actors concerned.

A couple registered as "Mr. and Mrs. A" and were shown to a double room.

A few hours later an elderly man arrived, too drunk to be discreet, and began making enquiries which necessitated my asking "Mr. and Mrs. A" to leave by a convenient exit.

Millionaire's parties

Once in a similar case, however, a tragedy was not averted, and a ghastly murder resulted. The hotel became famous—or, I should say, notorious.

With the police there arrived eight newspaper-men. By nightfall sixteen journalists had booked rooms, and even a cynical, flippant observer would have had to alter his opinion about our "dead-and-alive hole."

It is, unfortunately, only on such tragedies that the curtain is lifted.

At this very table where I am now writing, a business deal was concluded which gave a famous millionaire a profit of £700,000.

I had known the millionaire when he counted his fortune in shillings. His name became a household word. His bill for one week-end party came to over £400, and he literally shed "fivers" wherever he went.

A few years ago, faced with ruin, he took his own life.

The director of a famous football club stayed here for a week-end a little while ago. His guest at dinner, in a private room, was a director of the local club.

Trusted—true

Three days later the newspapers announced the transfer of an international player for £5,000.

This may seem ordinary to some people, but, to me, the buying and selling of people has an element of drama.

I have kept little reminders and mementoes of happenings that would make three-act dramas—or comedies—for the expert playwright.

The son of a nobleman occasionally entertained his friends in this hotel. The last party he gave was exclusive and expensive. His cheque, tendered in payment of the bill—a usual proceeding—was accepted.

It was returned from the bank, and by the same post I received a letter from the young man begging me not to inform his father and promising to pay the debt at an early date.

The sincerity of the writer persuaded me, against my better judgment, not to approach the father, who would have met the cheque immediately.

Six months elapsed, and with the American mail came a note of thanks and a full settlement in American dollars.

Not very dramatic, you may say, but to one or two people it was intensely important and dramatic.

A note of thanks for my silence from Lady X reminds me of a wintry night when two young people, who arrived by motor-car, decided to spend the night at the hotel. They had all the appearance of a honeymoon couple, with perhaps a trace of anxiety in the pretty girl's eyes.

Towards midnight there arrived an imposing and dominating woman who asked to see me.

A brief consultation, and within ten minutes she was leading the young girl, who was sobbing, back to the ancestral home from which she had fled in search of excitement.

Stalling off suicide

An old ticket of the Calcutta Sweep reminds me that had the seller approached me a minute earlier I would have gained a fortune. The man who purchased the ticket ahead of me in this very hotel drew a prize worth nearly £40,000.

An Army revolver is a souvenir from an ex-officer. He was a stranger to me, but, feeling that he had to confide in somebody, he told me a story of circumstances that would have broken the will, endurance and even the sanity of most men.

I sensed that he thought suicide was the only way out, and I was his companion all through the night.

At six in the morning we were playing double dummy bridge, and when he left at mid-day he gave me the revolver. I hear from him occasionally.

Scarcely a day passes without something happening that gives me food for thought and reflection.

A short time ago a local detective entered the hotel, was shown to one of the rooms, and made his exit accompanied by a well-dressed, good-looking man.

That man is now spending two years as a guest of His Majesty's Government. Women and jewellery had been his weakness.

Let me finish on a note of romance.

In a corner of the hotel at this moment sit a man and woman, holding hands and telling one another that life can be lovely. He is seventy-five and she is seventy-three, and they have come here to celebrate their golden wedding.

Lady-love's flower

They were born in this town, they courted and were married here; long before this hotel was built they moved to London, and now they are having the honeymoon they could not afford fifty years ago.

This morning I helped him to choose the best flower in my little garden for his lady-love.

Such people help to restore one's faith in human nature.

Who Rings the CHANGES?

Fifty-Thousand Rope-Pullers

"The tale of the chimes; the notes that ring as true as time"

HERE is a story of magic and romance to stir even a jaded pulse. The story of the bells. The tale of the chimes, and of the men who wing over the ether from dusty, age-old towers and turrets the notes that ring as true as time.

Be it a call to prayer, a summons to battle, an invitation to thanksgiving, or a call to celebration, the bells echo —as they have echoed for centuries past—in the hearts of the people.

They toll the knell of a departed king: they herald the birth of a king-to-be. The lives of murderers ebb out into the unknown on their tide of sound; the lives of men and women are joined together in matrimony in their echo.

In their time they have subjected nations to bondage with their curfews, but essentially they have been instruments of peace and beauty and joy.

You need not be surprised, then—though you probably will be—to learn that in Great Britain to-day there are roughly fifty thousand students of the bells, devoted ringers of many creeds and all classes, from cowmen to "the quality."

It's hard work

It is 1,250 years since the first peal of bells stirred the English countryside with its sweet thrill, and men have followed their mission with unfaltering enthusiasm.

For the second time only in the history of change-ringing—altering from one tune to another—the number of peals resounded over the countryside last year exceeded two thousand.

That shows the enthusiasm. But you will scarcely appreciate the significance unless it be realised that a single "peal of changes" may occupy a band of experienced ringers anything from two to many hours' non-stop.

Change-ringing, indeed, is an art to be acquired only by years of practice and hard work.

On eight or more bells 5,000 odd changes is the accepted minimum; on peals up to twelve in number as many as 16,000, entailing from nine to ten hours' strenuous labour.

There are scores of examples of recent performances by teams of ringers in all parts of the country to prove how popular the famous art remains, how democratic it is, and how skilful and arduous.

Romance rings out

A band of ten ringers and a conductor who assembled in the cathedral church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the other evening pealed 5,000 changes in an effort lasting four hours.

And the tenor bell, it might be added, weighs roughly two tons.

In honour of the unveiling of a war-memorial at Ashtead, Surrey, the other week, a team consisting entirely of ex-Servicemen rang an eight-bell peal of 5,024 changes.

But here is the little romance of that occasion.

The peal was composed by an ex-flight-sergeant of the R.A.F., and the conductor was an ex-staff-sergeant.

Was there ever so touching a tribute from the fighting men who came home to those who remained on the field of battle for ever?

There is a delightful freemasonry among the ringers. They delight in melodious compliments to each other on appropriate occasions.

When one of their members married recently, the band of ringers at the Church of St. Michael-the-Archangel, at Braintree, Essex, rang out a joyous peal lasting nearly three hours in fitting recognition.

Bride and bridegroom heard the sweet notes fading into silence as they drove away on their honeymoon, an unforgettable send-off.

Then, from the gay salute to the sad. It is often so. There was the instance of Mr. William Rayner, of Newmillerdam, in Yorkshire.

Mr. Rayner had loved his parish church as man and boy. He had grown old in the shade of its walls and the shadows of its belfry. For sixty years he had been a chorister; for more than fifty he had been a change-ringer.

When he passed away, the ringers tolled the requiem of one of the grand old men of the bells. There is no more beautiful "good-bye."

But now from sentiment to a little history and many facts.

The first peal of bells to be installed in this country was introduced by the Abbot of Wearmouth in A.D. 680.

Metal monsters

Nearly four hundred years later William the Conqueror ordered the dread curfew to be rung—and rung it is to this present day in certain towns with a pretty eye and ear for the antique.

But history here is as dull as bells that hang silent in the tower.

In a few words, then, the bell-founder's art, originally practised in the monasteries, passed gradually into the hands of individuals, who experimented with mixtures of metals until a standard of perfection had been attained.

Bell-metal is composed of copper and tin, and the name of England is immortally associated with the great bells of the world.

Only a few weeks ago a Croydon firm delivered a carillon of sixty-four bells—the heaviest of which was more than eighteen tons—to a church in New York.

Thousands of members of the general public have thrilled to the lovely carillon which was played at week-ends in Hyde Park. As makers of bells, just as pealers of bells, we are supreme.

The largest bell in Great Britain, by the way, is the "Great Paul" in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. It weighs nearly seventeen tons.

The monster bell of the world is at Moscow. Of more than 200 tons, it is used as a roof for a chapel.

The "clang" clan

Just as the world is indebted to England for its supreme bells, so must this country be credited with their artistic development.

For, although Henry III. appointed men to ring the bells of Westminster far back in the thirteenth century, it was not until Fabian Stedman, of Cambridge, published a work on the subject in 1677 that it became an aristocratic study.

There is even beauty in the technical terms, such colourful phrases as "Canterbury Pleasure," "Cambridge Sunrise," and "Grandsire Triples."

One is intrigued by the parlance of those who spend their Saturday evenings and spare hours of Sunday in the belfry.

The bells are a nation-wide hobby. There is scarcely a town or village in the industrial North without its team of enthusiastic church-bell ringers.

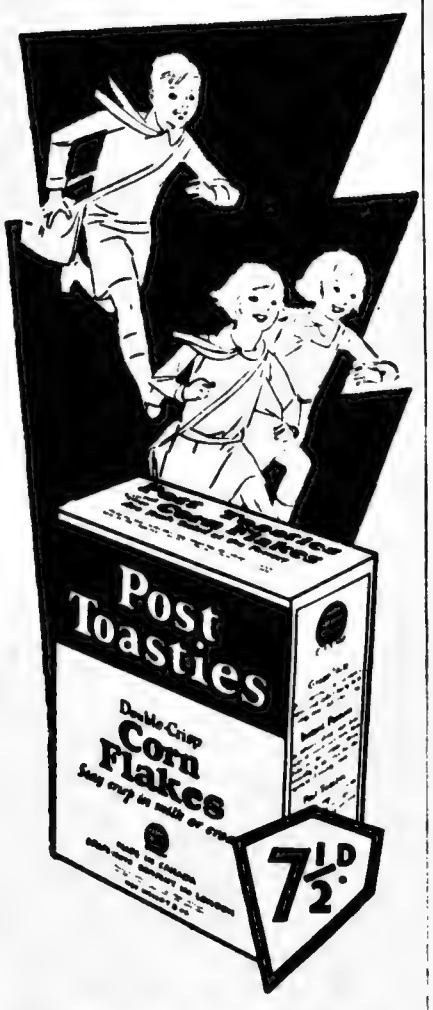
In the remote agricultural districts of the South the ringers plod long distances to handle the ropes.

All ranks are united in the brotherhood of the bells.

The bell team at the parish church of one provincial town, for instance, includes a factory-manager, a bank clerk, a barber, two builders' labourers, a small-holder, and two women.

The carillon of bells united them in their democracy.

Send them to school with a Zest for Work



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The Wake-up Food

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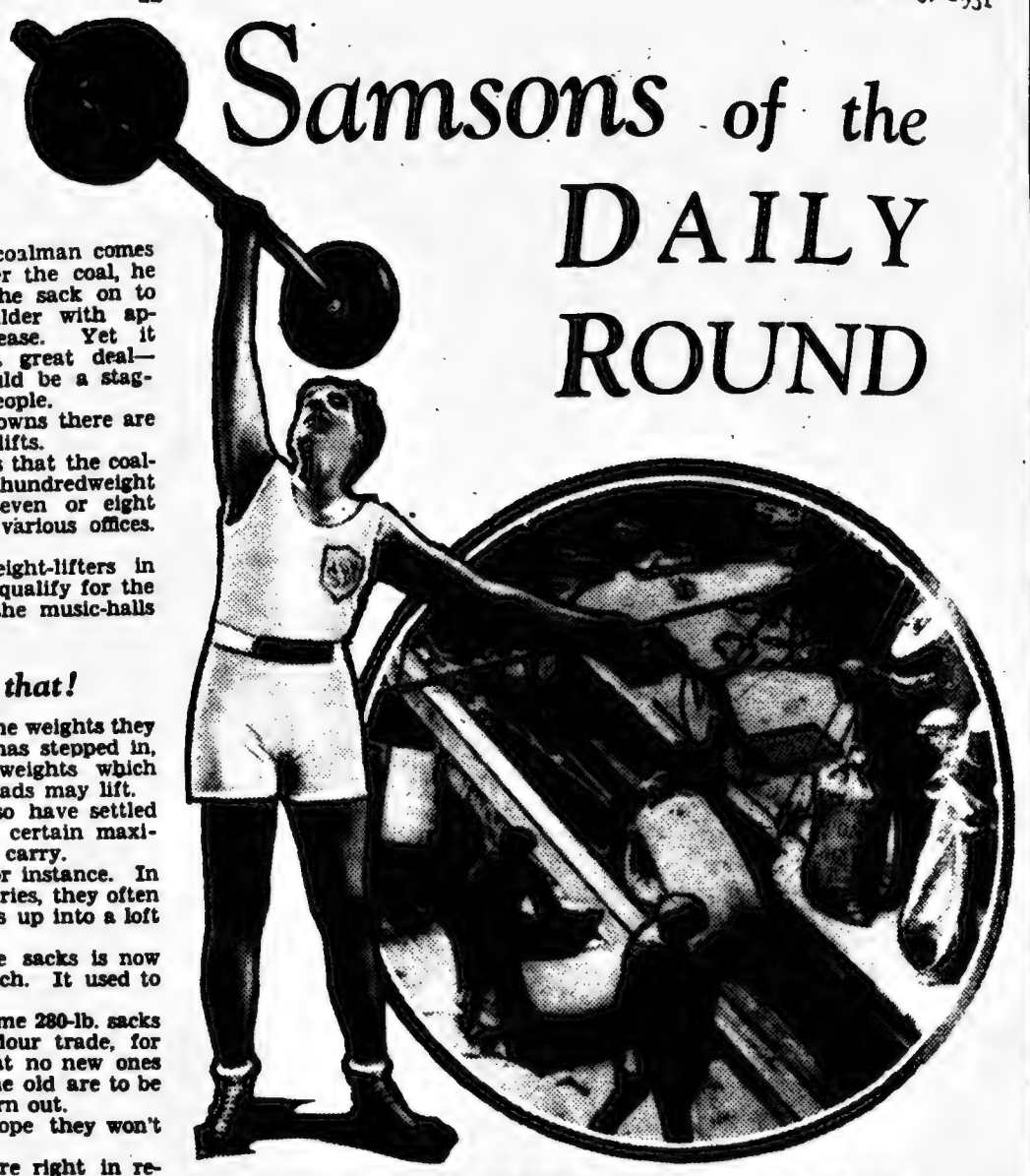
Many low-priced tobaccos are doped with scent and artificial flavouring in order to hide the "bite" and "tang" of their harsh, crude leaf. But the flavour and aroma of tobacco faked up in that way cannot be compared with the wholesome, satisfying flavour of pure, natural Rubicon.

Rubicon Mixture is guaranteed entirely free from all scent or artificial flavouring. The fine quality leaf from which it is made needs no doping to make it palatable. In flavour and aroma it closely resembles tobaccos costing 10d., 11d., or even 1/- an ounce. Rubicon costs but 8½d.

Made by John Sinclair Limited Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"There are other weight-lifters who ought to qualify for the job of strong man (or woman) at the music-halls"

Samsons of the DAILY ROUND



WHEN the coalman comes to deliver the coal, he swings the sack on to his shoulder with apparent ease. Yet it weighs a great deal—without practice it would be a staggering load for many people.

In most cities and towns there are office buildings with no lifts.

No lifts! This means that the coal-porter has to carry his hundredweight sack of coal up six, seven or eight flights, to deliver it at various offices. Some job.

There are other weight-lifters in industry who ought to qualify for the job of strong man at the music-halls or circuses.

Thanks for that!

But they do not lift the weights they once did—for the law has stepped in, and has limited the weights which women and girls and lads may lift.

The trade unions also have settled with the employers on certain maximum loads a man may carry.

Take flour-porters, for instance. In delivering flour to bakeries, they often have to carry the sacks up into a loft where it is stored.

The weight of these sacks is now restricted to 140 lb. each. It used to be 280 lb.

And there are still some 280-lb. sacks being carried in the flour trade, for the agreement was that no new ones should be made, but the old are to be used until they are worn out.

The flour-porters hope they won't last much longer.

The flour-porters were right in refusing to carry sacks weighing over 140 lb., for in the old days many of them used to suffer from strain, and cases of rupture were frequent.

At the flour-mills, the sacks for English corn weigh just over 200 lb. That's a pretty good weight for the men to lift.

Girl with 50lb. pipe

But, as they will tell you, mighty little English corn is used in comparison with the foreign corn—so they don't get enough of these heavy sacks to trouble them.

The kiln-girls in the Black Country are noted for their sturdy strength. They work in kilns which make sanitary pipes of firebrick. The pieces of pipe weigh 50 lb. each, and the girls carry them about forty yards.

A girl will work all day carrying pipes which are "in the green," to be dried. These green pipes will weigh anything from 25 lb. to 50 lb.

Experts have worked out the average daily load lifted by women in this industry. It amounts to 6.6 tons per day per woman, and 5.4 tons per girl.

Another industry which employs women to lift heavy weights is the tin-plate industry. It is in the process of cold rolling that the heaviest weights are lifted by women workers.

A woman health inspector made some detailed investigations into weight-lifting in the tin-plate industry. One rather surprising conclusion of her enquiry was that the physique of the women workers was so good—probably the strong ones were the only ones who survived.

The girls, she found, were of better physique than the young men.

Meat is heavy. The great fore or hind quarters of beef—weighing 30 "butchers' stones"—look very clumsy and difficult to handle. A butcher's stone is 8 lb.

But if you see a Smithfield Market "pitcher" on the job, you will realise that one can lift and carry meat almost gracefully.

A "pitcher," who works nights, gets 2s. 9d. per ton for all he lifts.

A sheep weighs from 7 to 10 stones. Pigs vary from as little as 4 stones to the Gargantuan porkers weighing 22 stones. And they all have to be lifted by hand at Smithfield.

In a Glasgow chemical works forty girls and women are employed, all doing heavy labouring work.

These girls work from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., with two hours off for meals—a ten-hour day. They work barefooted.

So astonishingly sturdy are they that the investigators were amazed at their strength.

There was one woman who shovelled from 20 to 25 tons of crude borite every day, lifting it to an average height of 2½ ft.

In a brickworks in the Midlands a great deal of work is done by girls and women. In "setting and drawing" the girls have to fill and empty the ovens. Each girl carries an average load of four bricks some seventy or eighty yards.

These bricks weigh 26½ lb. each. Four of them, therefore, make a load of 107 lb. A big load for a girl to carry you will agree.

In the same works the older women—working barefoot—do the brick-moulding

They fill wooden moulds with clay and then set the moulded bricks to dry on a heated stone floor.

Down on the docks

Some of these women wheel barrows containing over 4 cwt. of bricks.

Down on the docks you will still see some hefty weight-lifting, although mechanical means are gradually replacing human labour in many of the most arduous tasks.

Dockers handle sacks of grain, flour, potatoes, and other commodities. The heaviest of these sacks weigh 280 lb., but—as in the case of the flour-sacks—not many are now in existence, and they will not be renewed.

Most sackloads weigh 180 or 200 lb.—and quite enough, too, thinks the docker.

One thing about the docker's life is that he is paid piece-rates on this job, so, if weight-carrying begins to strain or pain him, he can ease up—and lose money.

Timber is a nasty thing to handle until you get the hang of it. There's a lot of it to unload in all ports. Carrying deals, for instance.

Cricks and ricks

What you have to learn is to "middle" it. Unless you get the exact middle of the long deal on your shoulder you'll feel an awful pull. But, properly balanced, it helps to carry itself, so to speak.

Then there are pit-props and boards. The boards are commonly seven-by-twos, and the docker carries three or four of them at a time. Scantling needs a lot of skill to lift.

Bales of cotton, weighing from 7 to 10 cwt., have to be lifted from the floor to a hand-truck.

This is a pretty difficult job in weight-lifting, especially if the floor-surface is uneven. But it takes more than one man to lift this.

And railway bars—sections of rail—are lifted by hand from the piles on the quay and placed on rollers or jacks.

Strained muscles, defective hearts and rupture are the punishment of unwise weight-lifting.

A docker's shoulder will sometimes be puffed and swollen; but he mustn't change the load over to the other shoulder, or he'll never get right. The shoulder must harden.

Scientists have discovered just the amount of load which can be lifted by the person of average health, of both sexes and at various ages without serious injury.

In most civilised countries the law has adopted these findings, and has enacted legislation which will prevent workers being forced to carry loads which are too much for their health or endurance.

GREAT CENSUS CONTEST

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See the *Daily Herald* for particulars of £2,500 Census Forecasting Contest. There is still time to win. There is no entry fee, the prizes must be won, and the contest is open to all. But you must hurry! Delay may cost you £1,000.

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"Don't say tearing, George, you know I always wear

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by E. M. Delafield,

The Popular Authoress, whose last Novel, "Diary of a Provincial Lady," is in its twenty-third thousand, and whose first Play, "To See Ourselves," is now running in London

"He sits in the front row of the stalls every night"

TWO shrill blasts of a whistle still served to bring a hansom-cab to any London door in the days when this story began. I saw the beginning of it, as well as the end, for I was already — in 1906 — living with the Ermingtons. I was Lady Ermington's secretary.

Her only daughter had just married, and the younger boy had gone to Eton.

Lord Caton, the son and heir, was in the Guards, and we saw a good deal of him in Cavendish Square, though not as much as his mother would have liked.

She adored him.

Naturally, it was not my place to have a preference, but I held my own opinion as to Caton.

Just a nice, rather stupid young man, neither as handsome as his sister, Lady Kitty, nor as intelligent as his schoolboy brother. However, his mother, as I have said, adored him.

I always remember the day when I first realised that trouble was brewing in regard to Caton.

Of course, as Lady Ermington's secretary, I knew a good deal about the private affairs of the family, and it was through some of her correspondence that I came to know how anxious she and Lord Ermington were over Caton's violent infatuation for Violet Valentine, one of the famous "Gaiety Girls."

Does that expression convey anything to the present generation, I wonder?

Very little, probably, and no doubt the world has changed so much that the attitude of the Ermingtons would, to the eyes of nowadays, appear as incredible as the contemporary photographs of Violet Valentine herself, in a large, sweeping hat, feather boa, with a frilly skirt swirling round her feet, and an immense *pompadour* of hair rolling back from her face.

A REAL LIFE STORY

All the same, it was a beautiful face, as the photographs show, in spite of the radiant, unnatural sparkle insisted upon by the photographer.

Violet Valentine belonged to what was called, either then or a few years later, the Gibson Girl type.

Caton had fallen in love with her.

That wouldn't have mattered so much, Lady Ermington said—when things had come to such a pass that the matter was being spoken of quite freely in the Cavendish Square establishment—if only he hadn't wanted to *marry* the creature. Actually, that was what he was suggesting.

He had said to his father that she was a good girl, a pretty one, and a healthy one, and that they were in love with one another—and what more could anybody want?

Lord Ermington had replied that, for his part, he should wish to be able to receive his son's wife in his own home, and that this in the case of the Gaiety Girl would be impossible.

"Of course," poor Lady Ermington said, "Caton couldn't say a word in answer to that. What was there to say, except that his father was perfectly right?"

I ventured to ask what sort of people the girl came from.

"How should I know?" said Lady Ermington. "I believe she has a mother, or something; but, naturally, any relations there may be have been kept out of Caton's way. She knows enough for *that*, you may be sure."

"And is he—is he seeing a great deal of her?"

"He sits in the front row of the stalls every night. Miss Arbell, and takes her out to supper afterwards. And I am nearly sure that they go on the river together on Sundays."

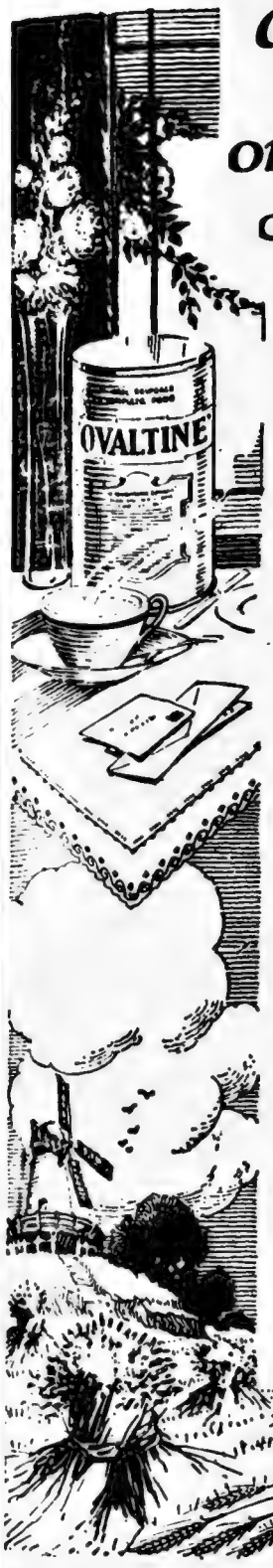
I suggested that young men were liable to strange fancies, and that this one might pass.

"Of course it will pass," said Caton's mother, "but the question is: Will she contrive to pin him down *before* it passes? If so——"

She broke off, evidently finding the completion of the sentence too much for her courage. Instead, she piteously exclaimed: "What have we ever done that this tragedy should come upon us?"

(*Continued on page 26*)

Why you should drink 'Ovaltine' instead of ordinary Breakfast & Supper Beverages



THE choice of a breakfast and supper beverage is a matter of great importance. The ideal beverage must possess a definite food value. It should encourage, not delay, digestion. It must have no irritant effect on the system.

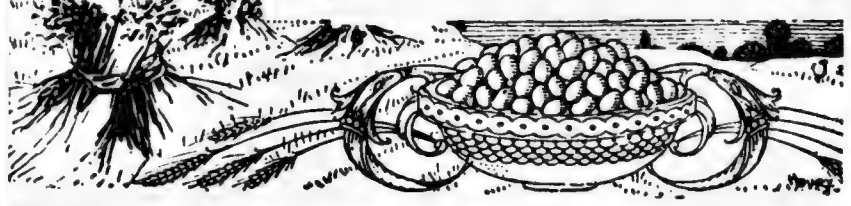
Because of these things, "Ovaltine" is becoming the national beverage in place of those ordinarily taken.

"Ovaltine" makes every meal complete in nutritive value, for it contains, in a correctly balanced and highly concentrated form, every food element essential for health, and for building up brain, nerve and body.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from ripe barley malt, pure fresh milk, and eggs from our own and selected farms. These best of Nature's foods are completely free from tannin or caffeine which are well known to have harmful effects. This important advantage renders "Ovaltine" of especial value to young children—with whom it is a great favourite.

For these reasons you should drink "Ovaltine" in place of ordinary beverages, which have little or no food value—no digestive power—and which, in many cases, have an irritant effect upon the digestive system.

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin. D698



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Hall's Wine

This great tonic is for all who are run down in health, and for those who are weak after illness and need building up again. You will soon feel well if you take Hall's Wine—it never fails.

Of Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists.

LARGE BOTTLE **5/6**
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Right from to-day stop smoking dry, dusty, machine-made cigarettes—enjoy *your own* tobacco in the best condition rolled to the thickness you prefer.

It is *cheaper* to roll your own. You save on useless extras and there is less waste. It means at least 30% off the cost of your smoking because *you're* the manufacturer! And it is far healthier and *much* more enjoyable.

Start now! Any Tobacconist can supply you with the right tobacco and a packet of

AG *the paper of perfect purity—*

for the smoke of perfect pleasure

If you get Pain after Eating

IF digestive pain, flatulence and discomfort follow every meal, it is most probably due to excess stomach acid. Doctors say this is the cause of most indigestion. Excess acid ferments food, attacks the stomach lining and creates gases which cause pain and "fullness." These discomforts can be quickly banished and you can enjoy your meals without fear of distress if you take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after eating or when pain is felt. This neutralises the excess acid and thus gives quick relief by removing the cause of the trouble.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA

prescribed for INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, GASTRITIS, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN and ACIDITY.

Powder — 1/3 — Tablets

"Completed Circle" —Continued from page 24

It was a tragedy that had descended upon not a few of the Ermingtons' contemporaries.

Sons of the peerage—eldest sons, more often than not—had been marrying into the chorus right and left. It was a kind of epidemic in the early years of the century.

I felt terribly sorry for her, and even ventured to suggest a solution of which I had read in novels.

Was it not possible to avert such calamities as the one now threatening the family by means of a cheque, if it should be a sufficiently large one?

Lady Ermington signed assent. I could see that she was almost unable to speak.

The next thing I learnt was that the cheque had been offered—and refused.

Had it not been large enough then?

Lady Ermington did not know. All had been done between Lord Ermington and the family lawyer—or, rather, all had *not* been done, since the sole results of their intervention had been to infuriate Caton—perhaps not unnaturally—and to precipitate the very result that they dreaded.

Lord Caton married Violet Valentine, by special licence, in the winter of 1906.

The Ermingtons, judged by the standard of the day, behaved well, and even nobly. They received Caton and his wife, although not until six months after the wedding, and invited them to stay at Erme Castle.

And a very uncomfortable visit it was.

VIOLET VALENTINE was very beautiful, and I soon discovered that she was intelligent—when all that was required of Caton's wife was that she should be well-bred, well-connected, and thoroughly at home in the world to which her marriage had introduced her.

I couldn't help feeling sorry for her. Only relations had been invited to meet the young couple at Erme Castle, but perhaps in a way that made it worse. All of them were silently criticising her, and all of them disapproved of her.

One little incident remains in my mind.

It was a hot day in June, and there had been tennis. I had come out to the tea-table under the cedars, to help with the tea, and after one or two of the visitors had spoken to me very kindly, as they always did, I sat back and quietly looked on.

Violet Valentine—I am afraid I never thought of her by any other name—put her hand into the pocket of her white, pleated skirt, and drew out a little paper booklet known as "*papier poudré*."

She was going to pull out one of the little papery, scented leaves and pass it over her pretty, heated face—and then I saw her glance nervously round and hastily put it away again.

It was such a very small thing. But it must have been typical of the insecurity in which Violet Valentine lived, in those first years.

OF course, after a time the situation grew easier. Caton's relatives became, after a fashion, accustomed to his wife. She ceased to be afraid of them, especially after she had triumphantly presented him with two magnificent boys.

But none of them, so far as I could judge, ever felt very cordially towards her, although she made Caton a good wife, and whenever they alluded to her it was always as "Violet Valentine—you know, he married a Gaiety Girl."

In 1914—but everybody knows what happened in 1914.

The Ermingtons suffered, as did all those of their generation—perhaps more than some, for Lady Kitty's husband lost an arm, and Caton was killed at Neuve Chapelle.

During the war years I was in France. In 1920 I came back to Lady Ermington, and the gradual realisation of a changed world.

Everything was quite different—all the old standards had gone. The Ermingtons had never been wealthy, and now they were poor.

The house in Cavendish Square had been sold in 1917, and now Erme Castle was let, on a long lease, to an American.

Caton's boys would not be brought up, as their father and grandfather had been, among their own people. They spent their holidays in a small house outside London, or in lodgings by the sea, with their mother.

And Caton's brother Guy—only twenty-eight when he was demobilised—was, like thousands of others, looking for a job.

He had no special abilities, no training except the training that he had had in the Army, and no capital to invest. No one seemed to want his services. He, too, had married—a penniless cousin.

The Ermingtons gave them an allowance—more than they could afford, and even then it was small.

Sometimes I wondered how Guy could bear to take it, but I suppose it served to maintain his wife and children.

For although jobs were found for him, chiefly through the influence of his mother, he never seemed able to keep them. He had not been brought up to work, and that makes a difference.

One day we heard that Violet Valentine, who had always maintained her connection with the theatrical world, was going to take up film-work.

It seemed to me that this must prove the final blow to poor Lady Ermington.

"At least she'll use her stage name," I said in a foolish attempt at palliation.

"Yes," said Lady Ermington.

Her dignified, elderly face wore a curious expression that I did not understand.

"Perhaps it won't last." I blundered on. "I always understood that on the films. . . . Of course, I know Lady Caton is very beautiful, but still, most of the well-known stars are so very young. . . ."

"It is, I believe, *very* well paid work," she interrupted.

"I believe so."

"Of course, Violet knows so many people who are connected with the theatre and the kinematograph." (Lady Ermington never used the abbreviated form of the word.)

"It isn't," she added rather disconnectedly, "as though her children were still little and needed her. They are both at school, and in any case she tells me that it is only a question of being away for a few months.

"And the—the results, financially, may be very considerable."

ACTUALLY, they were very considerable indeed. Violet Valentine had what was said to be a "good screen personality." We heard that she had been offered an excellent contract.

It was then that Lady Ermington sent for her daughter-in-law, and in an interview at which I was present revealed the distance that she had, quite unconsciously, travelled since the days of Caton's marriage.

"My dear," she said, "I want you to use your influence to get dear Guy a job with the kinematograph people. I think it is the kind of work that he ought to be able to do well.

"After all," said Lady Ermington, "it is, I suppose, a form of art."

Violet Valentine was generous. She did all that she could, and the amazing thing is that she did succeed in placing her brother-in-law in a position in which his advice was apparently of value to an American director of English-life films.

Lady Ermington thanked her very graciously. Nor did she ever fail, when mentioning Guy's successful career, to give her daughter-in-law due credit for her share in helping him to embark upon it.

It isn't, perhaps, much of a story after all. Only it seems very strange sometimes, to remember the horror with which poor Caton's Gaiety Girl was received by his family thirty odd years ago.

Nowadays, they seem quite proud to refer to her, and although she has long since given up her work, the Ermingtons often mention their daughter-in-law as "Violet Valentine, so very well known in the theatrical world."

NEXT WEEK: *P. R. Stephenson tells of a strange experience of his own in the Queensland Bush—"The Shooter"*

THE CUP—*Our Expert's Forecast*

Matches Played on April 25

F.A. CUP FINAL.

West Bromwich Albion v. Birmingham (at Wembley).

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) NEWCASTLE v. Arsenal.
*(2) VILLA v. Manchester C.
(3) CHELSEA v. Portsmouth.
*(4) BOLTON v. Leicester.
(5) GRIMSBY v. Blackpool.
(6) HUDDERSFIELD v. Derby.
(7) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Sheffield U.
*(8) WEDNESDAY v. Blackburn.
(9) WEST HAM v. Sunderland.

SECOND DIVISION.

**(1) TOTTENHAM v. Barnsley.
(2) SOUTHAMPTON v. Everton.
(3) Bradford v. SWANSEA.
**(4) BURNLEY v. Cardiff.
(5) MILLWALL v. Port Vale.
(6) NOTTS FOREST v. Charlton.
(7) OLDHAM v. Bradford C.
(8) PRESTON v. Bristol C.
(9) Reading v. Bury.
(10) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Plymouth.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).

(1) SOUTHEND v. Watford.
**(2) GILLINGHAM v. Norwich.
(3) BRENTFORD v. Swindon.
(4) BRIGHTON v. Walsall.
(5) BRISTOL R. v. Orient.
(6) CRYSTAL PALACE v. Boscombe.
(7) EXETER v. Q.P. Rangers.
(8) Luton v. Notts County.
(9) Newport v. THAMES.
*(10) NORTHAMPTON v. Fulham.
(11) TORQUAY v. Coventry.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).

(1) Rotherham v. STOCKPORT.
**(2) TRANMERE v. Darlington.
(3) Accrington v. LINCOLN.
(4) Barrow v. Doncaster.
(5) Carlisle v. Halifax.
(6) CHESTERFIELD v. Gateshead.
(7) CREWE v. Wigan.
(8) ROCHDALE v. Hartlepools
(9) SOUTHPORT v. Hull.
**(10) WREXHAM v. Nelson.
*(11) YORK v. New Brighton.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

**(1) MOTHERWELL v. St. Mirren.
(2) CLYDE v. Kilmarnock.
(3) ABERDEEN v. Hamilton.
(4) Airdrie v. HEARTS.
(5) Ayr v. Cowdenbeath.
(6) East Fife v. RANGERS.
*(7) FALKIRK v. Hibs.
(8) Leith v. CELTIC.
(9) PARTICK v. Dundee.
(10) QUEEN'S PARK v. Morton.

WINNERS IN CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL special selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home team and *A* for away team.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and the next best with one.

This Week's Star

Hart, Leeds' centre-half

The most CRITICAL age — because the most ENERGETIC

NOW...*while they are growing fast... children need this* **BALANCED DIET** *to keep them vigorous and sturdy*

WHAT STRENUOUS DAYS children spend! Always active from the moment they get up until it's time to go to bed — they are burning up energy *all the time!*

Why, ***even at rest***, science has proved, normal healthy children use up energy at least *twice* as rapidly as the average person!

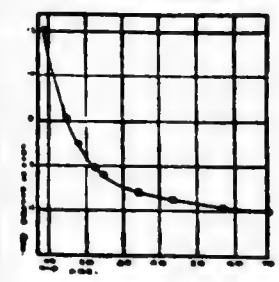
That is why *now* — while their little bodies are developing so rapidly — it is important that your children's diet should contain the food elements essential to keep them mentally and physically vigorous.

Wise mothers, realizing this, supplement their children's meals with Horlick's — delicious creamy malted milk made from fresh cows' milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat.

Horlick's is a *balanced* food, for it provides in the right proportions just those energy-giving, body-building elements children must have. Taken regularly it guards against the dangers of overtiredness and underweight.

Start your little ones on Horlick's today! They will love its delicious flavour. Give it to them at mealtimes, at mid-morning, and as a bedtime drink!

Chemists and grocers everywhere have Horlick's in sealed glass bottles in four sizes, also the Horlick's Mixer which makes the preparation of the Malted Milk a matter of just a few seconds.



GRAPH FROM SCIENTIFIC OBSERVATIONS ON COMBUSTION RATE OF MAN

Even when they are quite still, growing children use up energy at least twice as rapidly as the average adult! For this reason alone wise parents make certain that their small sons and daughters are getting a balanced, nourishing diet.

HORLICK'S PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE FLAVOURED

MADE IN ENGLAND

HERE'S *REAL* DELICIOUSNESS

Kraxo are the Potato Crisps to buy. They're so much more appetising than ordinary potato crisps. "Crunchy" as well as crisp—and they keep that crispness. And there's not a trace of greasiness to spoil their tempting flavour. Just as good eaten cold for a snack or hot with fish or meat—try them for lunch to-day.

In 2d. Bags, and in Cartons, 6d., 1/- and 1/4

KRAXO POTATO CRISPS

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

Manufactured by:—Meredith & Drew, Ltd., 158, High Street, Shadwell, E.1.

Turn the spotlight on dentifrice claims

Some toothpastes promise as much as a dentist—yet the best toothpaste can only clean teeth.

A well-known scientist recently analysed several leading dentifrices. In not a single instance did he discover properties likely to cure even slight dental ills.

Thus people are only fooling themselves when they attempt to cure by using a particular dentifrice instead of visiting the dentist. But there exists a very important function which a dentifrice can and must successfully perform . . . the cleansing of teeth. Colgate's has never claimed to do more. However, it does claim to do this superlatively well.

If you could watch the action of Colgate's you would see how it reaches the recesses of tiniest crevices. There the active bubbling foam dislodges harmful impurities and washes them away.

Made in England 1/- Large Size

We will gladly send you a week's supply of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream free. Simply address Colgate's, Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1

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FLANNEL SUIT
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All Sizes.
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EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW
That when baby cries, his pains are nearly always caused through INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COLIC or TEETHING, and that in such cases the infallible, safe family remedy which has been recommended by mothers, doctors and nurses for over 75 years is
"GRIPE WATER"
Carminative (Brand)
MADE BY
WOODWARD
CHEMIST—LONDON.
A tea-spoonful two or three times a day
KEEPS BABY WELL
It breaks up the wind, promotes digestion and enables baby to obtain healthy and restful sleep.
SEND FOR A FREE SAMPLE.
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Tombstone Conspiracy

THWARTS A LIVING HEIR

HERE you read some tough problems of real life and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

LEGALLY, I am a man without existence. I dare not publish the name of the man whom I know to be my father, because of the great position he once held; but I give you in confidence the name of the widow of a high judicial authority who can vouch for the truth of my story.

It is sufficient to say that my father paid court to my mother because of her dazzling beauty, and the fact of her being already married was ignored.

But her husband divorced her, and my father, being named as the co-respondent, felt obliged to marry her.

But the moment the bond was made legal he ceased to care for her. Long before I was born he would have been glad to be rid of her.

His mother, a haughty grand dame of the old school, never tried to hide her abhorrence of the whole affair, and it was she who determined that the child of a divorcee should never be the heir.

I have been told by my foster-mother, whose conscience made her break her bond of silence before she died, that it is highly probable there would have been no marriage but for the fact of mother's first husband threatening to shoot my father unless he complied.

However this may be, I was born in wedlock. My poor mother was kept under chloroform until I, a puling infant, had been safely removed from the room by a confidential maid.

I WAS registered as still-born; it was so announced in the Press.

Within two hours of my sad entry into the world I had been put "out to nurse" in this district where I still reside.

My mother, I was told, lost heart when she never saw her babe. She died, and within a year my father had remarried a woman of his mother's choice.

When I was two, my step-brother arrived, the "heir" who has within recent years inherited the estates.

When I grew up I wrote to my father, suggesting that the truth should be told. He did not reply. A few months later he died abroad, in circumstances that suggested he had taken his life.

Last year I visited the great estate that is my step-brother's by law and mine by right. It is a show-place, and in the family mausoleum I saw my mother's tomb.

She lies there, a beautiful effigy in cold marble, "also her still-born son"—me!—lying in the crook of her arm.

I know it is a lie; the baby never died. It is I who should be the heir, and yet I cannot move because my foster-mother never told me the truth until she was on her death-bed.

I feverishly hunted through her papers for anything that would confirm it, but the risk of leaving clues had been carefully guarded against.

The registry of birth was "still-born"—there is no entry that refers to me alive.

"HUMANIST" says:—If your foster-mother was correct, you are the victim of a bitter wrong. Be thankful for the love that kept you alive and make the best of your life as it is.

There is no more certain road to utter misery than to go about in a martyred spirit, regarding oneself as a defrauded heir.

STOLEN GOODS

and the unwilling receiver

MY father died when I was very young, and I blame the lack of his guiding hand for much that followed after.

Having more money in my pocket than was good for me, I got in with a loose set. I was pulled up only a little when mother, in her turn, died.

By this time I was in need of a job, and I managed to get one in a stores where large quantities of small goods passed continually through my hands.

A lot of pilfering went on, and when at last it was discovered, two of my boon companions proved the worst culprits.

Human Documents

When I was searched, a knife and a small pair of scissors belonging to the firm, which I had picked up only to use, were found in my pocket.

It was held conclusive evidence of guilt, and I, with the others, served a term of imprisonment.

This has dogged my footsteps from town to town. I lose every job as soon as the fact is discovered.

I am now in work again, but once more the sword of Damocles hangs over my head.

Recently, in the bar of an hotel where I had gone for a drink, I came across one of my old companions of the warehouse theft. Swiftly he slipped something into my hand and tried to pass out.

Before he accomplished his design detectives, who had been following, caught him, and he was arrested for being concerned in a smash-and-grab raid.

He has gone to prison; but what am I to do? The object he had passed on to me was a diamond ring. For the moment I have hidden it, and dare not dispose of it.

If I go to the police, the story of my old entanglement will all come out again, and I shall lose my work.

I shall be branded as an associate of thieves, and what this will mean to my poor wife and children you may guess.

"HUMANIST" says: Your safety and that of your wife and family lies in telling the truth.

It is a pity that your fingers ever closed upon the jewel, but it will be worse if you don't give it up. Better late than never in a case of this sort.

FAKE SUICIDE

—denouement

NINE years ago I married the daughter of the farmer for whom I was working, and along with my bride set sail for Canada.

On the boat was another pair of young emigrants, the man being much better-looking than myself.

We made friends, and it seemed to take the edge off the loneliness of a new land when we found ourselves able to take up adjoining farm-land.

The hard, open-air life suited us. We had a prospect of doing well, when gradually I became aware of my home-life being wrecked.

The understanding between my wife and my neighbour was too marked to be ignored. I taxed my wife with it, and she told me that it was not me, but the other man she loved.

She declared he had held her heart from the moment they first met on the boat. This was more than I could stand, and I staged a get-away.

Leaving a note on the table during her absence one night, I told her that when she read it she would be free, as I should be no more.

Next day I bought new clothes at a cheap store in a town miles away. That night, after changing, I left my own clothes on the river bank.

I tramped for many weeks, eventually reading of my supposed suicide in a newspaper in Quebec.

After that I worked my way about the world as a fireman on tramp-steamers, until I finally reached this country, where I have been ever since.

TWO years ago, in the hope that all was forgotten, I married a young widow with whom I have been almost ideally happy ever since.

Now I find that our security has been built on the thinnest of thin ice. It was broken a month ago by a letter from my legal wife.

Apparently I have been seen and recognised by someone who sent her the glad news direct.

Her story is that, believing my mad threat of suicide had been carried out, she married her lover, he having been divorced.

But no sooner was she in his house than he refused to work and treated her with such brutality that she was forced to leave him.

My wife's illegitimate child has been adopted by friends while she is in service.

This she hates, and she declares that if I do not send her money she will put her case before the courts, as being my legal wife, she can force me to maintain her.

"HUMANIST" says: Although unfaithful to you by intention, your wife committed bigamy innocently, and any court would release her with a nominal sentence.

But by her act she forfeited any right to maintenance. Your best course is to explain the position to your present partner.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

Cancelled Wedding Tragedy

LITTLE Ruth, whose photo we give, is the youngest of seven children. Her family has been plunged into terrible grief through the tragic death of the eldest of the family, a girl aged twenty-one, who was the main support of her brothers and sisters.

A short time ago, she was found on the railway line, and died in the cottage hospital soon after admission.

The tragedy followed the cancellation of her marriage, which was to have taken place the day before her death.

The children's father, owing to chronic bronchitis and asthma, has been totally unfit for work for some years.

The three eldest of the family are out of work, and the three youngest attend school, so that he was unprepared to meet the extra expense this calamity entailed.

"We are in such poor circumstances," he writes, "with having rent and coals to pay for, and having such a little income for eight of us, we can't pay funeral expenses."

This father, in his grief, has turned to "The Greatest of These—" Fund, and we feel confident our readers will send generously to the fund.

* * *

Subscriptions, whether earmarked for this case or not, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

As we no longer publish acknowledgments, lists of donations can be seen at our offices, and a copy of the current week's list will be sent on application.

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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

MY first Cup Tie and also my first football-match! I was quivering with eagerness. As long as I live I shall never forget the sea of faces which greeted me on my arrival.

However, I found myself at length jammed in a corner and all around me men were pushing. From the shouts I was led to believe the game was in progress.

For what seemed an eternity I stood there, and at length a roar like thunder broke out and I heard "Good old Celts!" from all sides. Celtic had scored the first goal.

Well, to cut a long story short, I have never yet *seen* a football match. My height is 5 ft. 1 in.—*Miss McLeod, Glasgow.*

Better View

I was on ambulance duty recently at a big Cup Tie in Manchester. The crowd passed out in a fainting condition.

I was brought to one such case, a little man, who lay quite still on the ground inside the barriers.

As I knelt down to examine him he slowly opened one eye, winked solemnly, and whispered: "I'm all right, chum. I can see the game better from here."—*E. Reade, Manchester.*

Wrong Goal

A chap from Lancashire made his annual visit to the Metropolis to see the big game, and imbibed too freely of the London beer.

About mid-day, very muddle-headed, he began to realise that he had come down from the North for something more than beer, and decided that it was time he made tracks to the football ground.

Poor lad! He reached Stamford Bridge, after much wandering, only to find that the venue that year had been changed to Wembley!—*Dick, Bury.*

What Mattered

Shall I ever forget my first Cup Tie? It was bitterly cold and it rained. Our char-a-banc broke down twice and I lost my hat.

A fat man trod on my corn; someone jabbed a stick in my eye; and I got soaked to the skin.

But if I could have the clock put back I'd willingly go through every minute of it again; and my wife says that she would too.

You see, we met for the first time that day—and nothing else mattered.—*O. M., Yorks.*

Lost—Found

I was one of the mighty, packed crowd at the first Wembley Cup Final. I went there full of enthusiasm, yet I scarcely troubled to look at the play during the second half.

It was in the interval when a man

MY CUP-TIE STORY

well above me fainted and was lowered down over our heads to the first-aid attendants on the ground below.

As he passed me something fell from his pocket. I picked it up. It was an old, weatherbeaten tobacco-pouch, with silver initials on it

And I recognised it. It belonged to my brother—my gift to him five years before. It was soon after that that he disappeared.

Ten minutes after the match was over I was shaking him by the hand.—*O. B., Surrey.*

The Other Side

Outside the ground was a shabby, broken little figure. I knew him for an old international (thrice capped for England).

I took him into the ground and listened enthralled to his stories of famous games and players.

Presently he said: "You see those twenty-two players? Well, most of those will be like me in a few years. In football money is easy come, easy go. Few trouble to spare a thought for to-morrow—and a footballer's playing life is very short.

"That's why some of the best 'old-timers' are reduced to cadging a meal."—*C. S., Tottenham, N.*

Cheap

A team now defunct was playing at Barry in a Welsh Cup Tie, and being in low water the players had been given only a shilling for tea, etc.

At half-time the trainer went up to the inside-right, who had been rather sluggish in the first half, and asked him to put more life into his play.

The player replied, "What do you expect for a shilling—a Kelly or a Buchan?"—*Robt. Edbrooke, Glam.*

Outside Left

We've all heard stories about lads who have come up specially to see the Cup but who have never got within five miles of the ground. But what price me?

I've attended half a dozen Cup Ties at Wembley in my time, and I've always made a point of being among the first to reach the ground. But I have yet to *see* my first Cup Tie.

I happen to be a policeman, and I've always been on duty outside the Stadium gates.—*P.C., London.*

What He Forgot

There are many men alive to-day who can claim with pride that they have won a Cup Final. But I am one of the men who have, to my sorrow, lost one. And I shall never forget the humility and remorse of the moment.

A winger had swung the ball right to my feet. I was well in line with the goal. Sub-consciously I knew that I had the goalie beat.

At the same moment—heaven knows why—I suddenly remembered that I had forgotten my wife's birthday, which was that very day.

I kicked—and missed. Nobody blamed me much; but I knew that I had lost the Cup to my side.—*Backward Forward, Sussex.*

Woman to Woman!

Have I a Cup Final story? I should say I have! But perhaps only mothers will realise how thrilling it is

It was many years ago. I stood wedged in the seething mass of spectators. The scores were even, and the atmosphere was tense.

The ding-dong battle went on. None could score. Then suddenly a little winger streaked along towards a goal. All on his own he smashed his way through, took a lightning kick—and scored.

My son had won the Cup!—*His Mother, Hants.*

Ref's Corner

I was appointed last season to referee a Cup Tie. The match was a local Derby, and a big crowd of spectators witnessed the game.

Five minutes from time, with the score one each, the home-team goalkeeper ran out to kick clear, and the ball struck me on the shoulder and rebounded.

Imagine my relief when the ball just passed the goalpost for a corner kick, as if it had gone between the posts it would have won the match for the visiting team.—*S. Hurst, Bolton.*

* * *

The most enjoyable part was my meeting with an "old pal" whom I had left for dead on a South African battlefield years before.—*Sam. Donaldson, Midlothian.*

I made an early start, but I didn't see the game. I was knocked down by a skidding motor-car near the Stadium, and spent a month in hospital.—*S. B., Hants.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, April 28.

My Next Job for the Prince

Race with Silver Ring

THE GOLDEN GUINEAS

THE Two Thousand Guineas—the Golden Guineas should be its proper name, for the race is worth about £10,000 to the winning owner—will be over before my next notes appear.

At the moment of writing just over 140 horses of the original entry of 307 stand their ground, but I do not suppose many backers will look beyond Portlaw on the day of the race.

Portlaw, by the way, was the first of my Six-to-Follow to run and, in spite of his heavy weight, ambled home in the Severals Stakes at headquarters.

Sir Abe Bailey's three-year-old should follow in the footsteps of Sweeper II, Tetratema and Mr. Jinks, all of whom won the first of the "Classics" for Stockbridge; but I hope JOHN BULL readers will not rush in to back him for the Derby.

The Stockbridge hot-pots land the "Guineas," but few of them have possessed stamina. I think Portlaw will fall on this score. Moreover, his sire, Beresford, was inclined to be a shirker if it came to a hard tussle.

A short while back I coded Green Copse (won 9 to 2) and Waldgrave (won 2 to 1). A number of readers wrote to tell me that the new Code key—it is revised every Thursday—had not been used, but they had deciphered the horses' names. I regret any inconvenience caused.

One of my Northern correspondents tells me Pickle has been moving freely lately and is expected to win the Stockton Spring Handicap this week-end.

Story of Eden and Orvello may prove the best of the jumpers at Sandown.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, April 23, to Wednesday, April 29.

P D C X Z H J S M L T A N G Q K

V B R E F I U O Y W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

VSC98W97L would read PORTLAW.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

D97LDX2 would read BAWBEE.

"SILVER RING."

"Twenty minutes late — lucky I brought plenty of PLAYER'S"

10 *for* 6D
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Well-known boxes of their chocolates, such as King George, Prince of Wales, or Princess Elizabeth, which once cost you 4/–, will now cost only **3/6**. Cadbury's Milk Tray—the most popular chocolates in the world—are now **2/4** per lb. instead of 2/8. Other well-known assortments, such as "Red Rose," are also reduced in price.

In their announcements **CADBURY'S** guarantee the weight and quality of their chocolates to remain absolutely unchanged.

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A BOOK EVERY MOTHER SHOULD POSSESS

Every mother wishes to know the best way to treat baby's little ailments—that is why Steedman's famous "Hints to Mothers" book has been a standard reference in hundreds of homes for three generations.

The newest edition is ready for those "John Bull" readers who would like to have it. Hundreds have already expressed delight with this little red book, which is not only packed with useful hints for baby's health and comfort but tells what to do until the doctor comes in cases of accident or serious illness.

"Hints to Mothers" is not just an advertisement, although it reminds you that Steedman's Powders are the best, safest and gentlest aperient for kiddies from teething time until fourteen years of age. Regularity of the bowels is the greatest safeguard for baby's progress and contentment, and generations of mothers have found Steedman's the most reliable way of ensuring this regularity.

When buying Steedman's, look for the double EE symbol, which is featured on every wrapper. And in the meantime, if you haven't a copy of "Hints to Mothers," send a postcard NOW before you forget. It is free and post free if you mention "John Bull." Address your card to John Steedman and Co., 270b, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

TRUTH ABOUT WIRELESS

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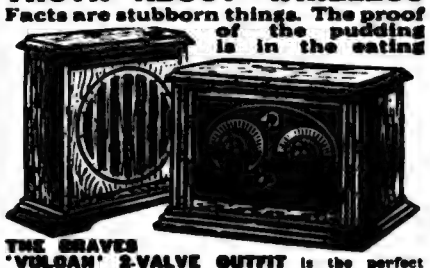

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The huge cash prize of £1,000 and £100 for runners-up must be won in this fascinating X-word Contest. Here is a splendid opportunity to win a nest-egg that will help to make your future more secure. Only a few moments spent in filling in the little squares below may gain you this huge prize. Do not delay—send in your entry NOW.

CLOSING DATE, THURS. (Noon), APRIL 30th.

FAIR FOR ALL!

Only one sixpenny entry allowed to each competitor.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £1,000 for a correct solution on one form of "John Bull's" Crossword No. 112. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one Sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), April 30th. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 7th. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 14th.

Read these Rules and Conditions carefully. Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

1.—Complete puzzle **in ordinary ink**; not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee is Sixpence. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it / & Co. /. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **noon, Thursday, April 30th.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than one Entry Form containing the two squares. If either of the two puzzle squares it contains is left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered, that one square will be disqualified and the other accepted. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—The result of this contest will appear in the issue of "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, May 14th.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the £1,000 prize, he must demand a Scrutiny by or before first post, **Tuesday, May 26th,** addressing Registered Letter containing £1 scrutiny fee to Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Form and number of P.O. Should such demand prove justified the fee will be refunded and the result amended accordingly. Competitors must accept the result of the scrutiny as final.

4.—No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 cash, the winners of which will be decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

5.—In the event of a tie the £1,000 prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Limited and members of their families are not eligible.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY.

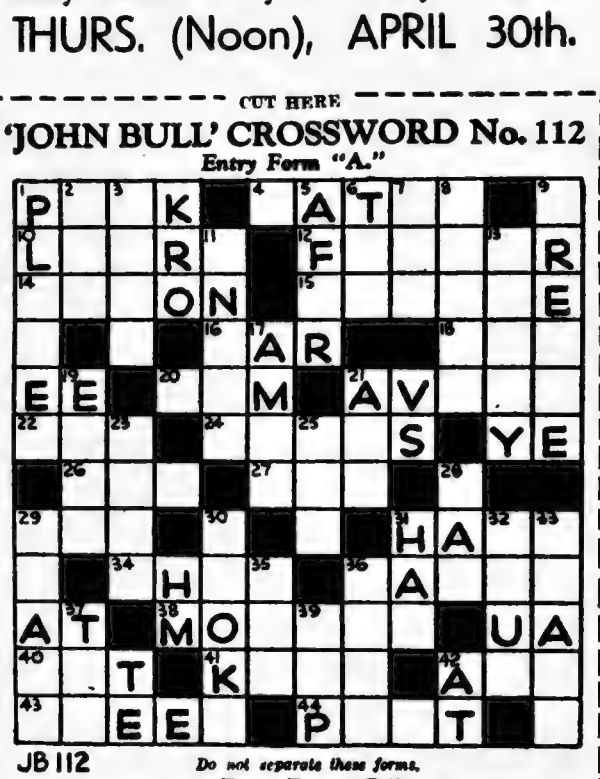
Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 112), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the newsagent from whom this week's £1,000 winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull" or his copy of "Passing Show," in conjunction with which journal this contest is conducted. Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

CUT HERE

'JOHN BULL' CROSSWORD No. 112

Entry Form "A."

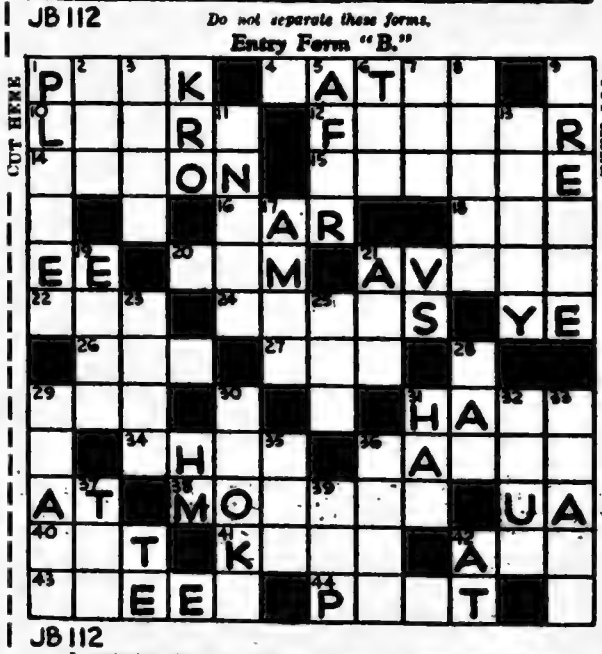


JB 112

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

CUT HERE



CUT HERE

JB 112

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose

6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date, Thursday (noon), April 30th.

CUT HERE

Cut out the above Form complete.

Clues Across.

1. 52 PLAYING CARDS.
4. TICKET-COLLECTOR WATCHES THESE.
10. UNTRUTHFUL PERSONS.
12. HE FARMS THE LAND.
14. CRIMINAL BURNING OF PROPERTY.
15. REACH A PLACE.
16. USED IN HEARING.
18. AFTERNOON MEAL.
20. SATISFYING FOOD.
21. AFFIRMS POSITIVELY.
22. SORROWFUL.
24. SCOTSMEN WEAR.
26. GOES THROUGH WOOD.
27. FEMALE RABBIT.
29. PIG HOUSE.
31. CLASP.
34. WORN ON THE FOOT.
36. FAIRY TALE.
38. MRS.-GRUNDY CRITICISES THESE.
40. BABY SLEEPS IN.
41. VEGETABLE.
42. PART OF A CIRCLE.
43. FLAPPERS SHOW THEM
44. OLD ACTOR TALKS OF

Clues Down

1. AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS ARE FAMILIAR WITH.
2. WE BREATHE IT.
3. THIS CARRIES WINES AND SPIRITS.
5. DISTANT.
6. POPULAR NAME FOR SAILOR.
7. GO ASTRAY.
8. HIT.
9. ATTENDED TO WHEN CLEANING CLOTHES.
11. MEAN FELLOW.
13. "——— LITTLE HELIS."
17. IN THE MIDDLE.
19. OPPOSITE TO "WEST."
21. CONSUMED.
23. THERE ARE SEVEN TO A WEEK.
25. MAY BE UNDERHAND
28. BOXER MAY GET IN A FIGHT.
29. SMALL QUANTITY OF FOOD
30. FOOLISH CLERK IS CARELESS ABOUT.
31. POSSESSES.
32. A REPROACH.
33. ITS FRUITS ARE SWEET.
35. AN AGE.
36. TROUBLESOME INSECT.
37. 20 CWT.
39. HIGH MOUNTAIN.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest editions) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Winners in X-Word No. 109 appear on Page 36.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 110

JB 110.

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 110 is given here with as matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED THIS X-WORD, TRY YOUR SKILL IN THE "DAILY HERALD" X-WORD NEXT SATURDAY.

ANOTHER £1,000 X-WORD PRIZE NEXT WEEK!

Write to "John Bull" About It!

B. H. (St. Albans).—"Insects often completely spoil a picnic." Especially when they forget the tin-opener and corkscrew.

THE EDITOR REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

E. F. (Tring).—"I am an elementary teacher." We thought so by your letter.

D. L. (Harrow).—"I have no luck at all with women." Lucky fellow!

C. M. (Seaford).—"If I were you, I'd talk sense." Exactly.

L. F. (Watford).—"In this world there's too much talk of money." And too much money that talks.

E. A. (Hove).—"The football-field borders on the cemetery." The goal to which all must come.

T. W. (Potter's Bar).—"Twins can be a blessing in disguise." But how can they be disguised?

J. R. (Appleby).—"The publishers have accepted my novel, 'The Unquenched Fire.'" When is it to be put?

JOHN (Gateshead).—"They called her Effie, because she was——" F-air, F-at and F-orty?

D. P. (Derby).—"I looked him straight in the face." And did he take his punishment like a man?

ELSIE (Brixton). — "A well-known actress says to get slim keep on skipping." What, meals?

G. S. (Exeter).—"As I pen these words my head is aching badly." As we read them, ditto.

E. R. (Tottenham).—"I can never get a seat in the train coming home." A long-standing complaint, that.

F. K. (Inverness).—"The kilt still has its supporters in Scotland." It would be very embarrassing to a number of Scotsmen if it didn't.

E. S. (Yeovil).—"Rebels in Cuba have ventilated their troubles by setting fire to sugar plantations." Razing cane, as it were.

E. E. (Hockley).—"Only my excellent constitution saved me." We guess you'll have to pay the doctor's bill all the same.

L. W. D. (Aylesbury).—"After April all milk sold will have to be pasteurised." From pasture to cow, from cow to pasteur.

N.C.O. (Aldershot).—"Our sergeant-major is to take part in a talking film showing the training of recruits." But will it pass the censor?

SCIENTIST (Stirling). — "Caterpillars are the most solemn and serious of grubs." Yet they end up with a mere butterfly existence.

T. E. (Ogmore Vale).—"I've invented a revolver that emits an acrid smoke and makes people choke." But you can buy cigars that will do all that.

SCIENTIST (Hull).—"I've proved the brain of a savage is equal to that of an Oxford undergraduate." But Cambridge undergraduates have always believed this.

AUTHOR (Hampstead). — "Novel-writing is just as hard work as ditch-digging." Yes, and nowadays it turns over just about as much dirt.

J. P. (Aldershot).—"Recent figures show that widows are twice as numerous as widowers." That seems to confirm the belief that women learn quicker than men.

H. G. (Burnley).—"Do you remember the very first letter I sent you." Yes, it was the one we read right through.

B. E. (Crook).—"Men in high posts want plenty of push." And to get their high posts, plenty of pull.

C. G. (Carstairs).—"Over a million people in Scotland live in one room." But it must be a very big room.

M. T. (Glasgow).—"My neighbours are constantly borrowing soap from me." They must be regular spongers.

G. S. (Doncaster).—"What does this Government want?" How much have you got?

T. V. (Sandwich).—"I had an accident last week—a dog bit me." How do you know it was an accident?

O. N. (Chiswick).—"The public will not stand for increased railway fares." They've had quite enough standing at the old rates.

J. T. B. (Roehampton).—"A kinema company is going to do a film of a baby's first year." It ought to be a perfect scream!

F. V. (Runcorn).—"Now and again, a man should forget all about his work." We wish our income-tax collector held the same view.

Q. N. (Brixton).—"Crime is just a disease." And time is a great healer.

M. E. (Exeter).—"Road-hogs must go." They do.

S. J. (Belfast).—"I have changed my address." In Queer Street now?

T. S. (Bath).—". . . and that is my opinion in a nut-shell." Then it must have been a large cocoanut.

F. L. (Marlow).—"I am marrying an old flame." To save yourself from being left in the cold?

G. D. (Ealing).—"My wife and I have won a medal in a true-love contest." With clasps?

B. F. (Stamford). — "I want to raise myself in my walk of life, but don't know how." Try a pair of stilts.

S. T. (Stroud).—"Alcohol is a good preservative." It won't preserve a secret.

T. R. (Berwick).—"The law is strong." Yet easily broken.

P. D. (Headingley).—"Why you keep on refusing to publish my articles I've no idea." That's why.

R. T. (Stockton).—"I love her—she's a pearl." But beware of the mother of pearl.

E. B. (Colchester).—"Some actors are better off than others." And some would be better off than on.

L. A. (Southend).—"My youngest son has not grown at all for over a year." Except older, of course.

R. C. T. (Brixton).—"When the hotel manager found I had not signed the register——" He called you to book?

J. C. (Hinckley).—"A Leeds man has invented a salt-cellar that prevents the salt from spilling." Good luck to him!

HIRAM K. (Hollywood).—"American actors are the nicest talkers in the world." Gwan wid youse!

B. A. (Woking).—"When I marry I want a girl who is pretty, clever, rich, a good cook and a musician." We're afraid that means a harem.

J. L. M. (Surrey).—"I have written a play with a sad ending, and am told that it will not be popular." Well, it will certainly come to grief.

ELSIE (Perth). — "My photograph adorns the top of the latest chocolate box." Still, perhaps the sweets inside are all right.

F. J. (Luton).—"In Paris beggars lie all day in the sun." In London they lie all day and night—and their yarns are wonderful.

A. E. (Birmingham).—"A man who thinks extremely well of himself is an egotist." And a man who can make the world think extremely well of him is a genius.

H. R. (Rock Ferry).—"I have recently suffered from loss of memory and have consulted a doctor. Do you know the first thing he made me do?" Pay his fee in advance?

G. T. C. (Leicester).—"What can I do about the piano in the flat above?" Win the *Bullets* £500 this week and move—or win a Radio Gramophone and have something worth listening to.

G. C. (Wembley).—"A naturalist says that a bear will run if you look it straight in the eye." We have decided not to try it until we know which way it is going to run.

S. A. (Croydon).—"Unfortunately, I arrived at the kinema ten minutes after the picture had started." Never mind. You only missed the names of those who had a hand in making it.

SYLVIA (Leeds).—"I wonder what attitude the girls will adopt when I give the stage-manager a bit of my mind?" No doubt, they'll be glad to take your part.

R. C. S. (Swindon).—"I am a young, healthy man, twenty-six years old, but am often at a loose end to know what to do in the evening." The solution to your trouble would seem to be in tying the knot.

D. S. (Southampton).—"A gold mine which has paid more than eight million pounds was discovered by a donkey." Other donkeys have put ten times that amount into mines that have paid nothing.

(Mary replies unavoidably held over.)

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"They made a delightful picture, as did the TIGHT bridesmaids."

EVENING NEWS:—"Kilburn, Flat to let, 5 rms., bth. hot and cold water IN kit."

"RUSTLERS' ROOST" (Novel):—"The cashier straightened up, his THIN lips compressed tightly."

DORSET DAILY ECHO:—"Widow OR WOMAN wanted for working man."

"EVE'S OWN" (Novel):—"The VOICES JUMPED OUT OF RED in a fever of excitement and RAN to the window."

BRADFORD TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"His lordship said he had come to the conclusion that the PRISON had been sufficiently punished."

NEWCASTLE EVENING WORLD:—"Never in LOVING memory have there been so many frogs in the district."

BURY TIMES:—"Coming soon: 'Let Us Be Gay,' TARRING Norma Shearer."

COVENTRY STANDARD: — "Dr. ——, head WASTER of the school."

BLACKBURN HERALD:—"Piloting the 'PHONE himself, he left Heston on Saturday morning."

WEST LOTHIAN COURIER:—"He moved that an ANARCHIST prepare a plan as regards accommodation."

DOCTORS ADVISE

orange juice for Children

GOLDEN SHRED

... IS orange juice and ... sugar ...

THAT is why

YOUR CHILD'S BREAD needs

'Golden Shred'

Why dogs need to be *conditioned* in SPRING

IF a dog is to be healthy during the coming summer he must remove *now* the impurities which have been accumulating in his blood during the winter. As the dog has a non-porous skin he cannot remove these impurities by perspiring, but depends entirely on a blood corrective.

The domesticated dog has lost the blood correctives which nature provides among certain wild grasses and herbage, but you can make up to your dog for this loss by giving him Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders which remove every impurity from the blood and tone up the whole system, *curing and preventing* all ailments due to poor blood conditions, such as *Listlessness, Excessive Scratching, Loss of Appetite, Eczema, Loose Coat and Swellings between the toes.*

Since 1892 the famous prize-winners of Show and Field Trials have been kept in perfect condition with Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders.

The 6d. packets contain nine powders; the 1s. boxes 18—from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores. Made by Bob Martin, Ltd., Southport, Eng.

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

THE GRAVES
'PROGRESS'
BARGAIN SALE

Price complete & Carriage Paid £3:0:0
TERMS: 5/- with Order and 5/- Monthly. Fullest Approval

Two super quality white All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped edges 66 x 88ins, weight 7½lbs.
Two White Fleecy Blankets, Whipped Edges, 60 x 80ins. 4lbs pair.
Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheet 70 x 90ins. 4lbs pair.
One coloured Alhambra Hemmed Quilt, Size 73 x 94ins.
One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54ins.
Two pure White Pillow Cases, Size 20 x 30ins.
One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60ins

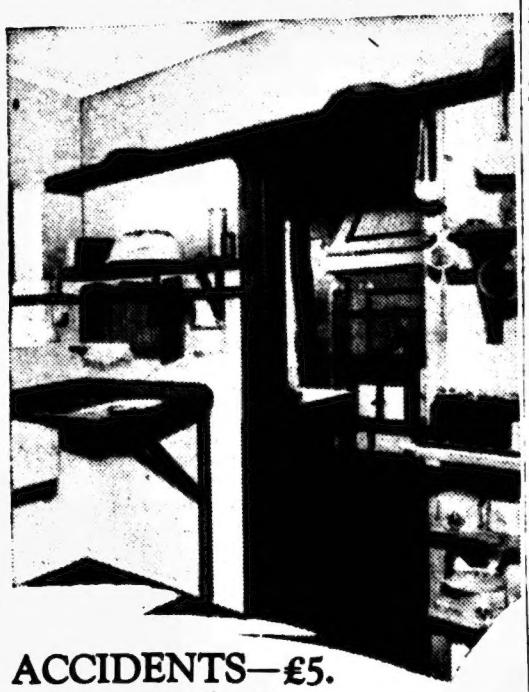
IMPORTANT. As an extra advantage, we include a 16-Piece Cutlery Service 4 Stainless-Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Size Forks, 4 Dessert Size Spoons, & 4 Tea Spoons all of Columbian Silver which wears white all through.

50 years character for honourable trading. Catalogue Post Free

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

A Helping Hand in the HOME

—and the tragic sequel.



MR. STAFFORD, of 75, Oakridge Rd., Bromley, Kent, lending a helping hand in the home, had gone into the scullery to get some screws to fix a curtain. He slipped and fell heavily, striking the stone flooring. His injuries proved fatal. Our reader, editor of a local journal, was a well-known and popular figure in the district.

To his widow, "John Bull" has now dispatched a cheque for £100 under its Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

Hanging curtains, cleaning the grate, washing the windows, domestic duties which sound so harmless are often fraught with the deadliest danger as so many of our readers have discovered.

Could *you* call on "John Bull" for a cheque if an accident claimed you as a victim? Have *you* signed the registration forms?

HOME ACCIDENTS—£5.

We give below the names of a few readers only who benefit on account of Home Accidents of a non-fatal nature.

SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs. S. Fanstone, 12, Cross House Terrace, nr. Floating Bridge.
HUDDERSFIELD.—Mrs. S. H. Wells, 460, Wakefield Rd., Greenside.
NR. SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. L. A. Risdale, Fir Vale, Harthill.
NR. STOCKPORT, CHES.—Mrs. F. J. Bridge, 16A, Buxton Rd., Furness Vale.
HARWICH, ESSEX.—Mrs. R. Pluck, 21, King's Head St.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. A. Connolly, 70, Holland St., Pendleton.
BOLTON.—Mrs. F. Brown, 223, Devonshire Rd., Smithills.
DOVER.—Mrs. P. Buttress, 178, Union Rd.
YEOVIL, SOMERSET.—Mrs. L. M. Tuck, Marsh Cottage, East Coker.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. Ryan, 2, Norris St., Adelphi St., Salford.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. C. Lee, 4, Duxfield Rd., High Heaton.
SWINTON.—Mrs. A. Morgan, The Rolling Mills, Bridge St.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. M. A. Taylor, 3/93, Grosvenor St., W.
PORT TALBOT.—Mrs. M. Watkins, 1, Brytwn Rd., Cymmer.
COULSDON, SURREY.—Mrs. F. M. Thornton, "Westbury," Netherne.
DAGENHAM, ESSEX.—Mrs. M. L. Sangwin, 73, Armstead Walk.
LONDON, E.7.—Mrs. A. Walton, 62, Chaucer Rd., Forest Gate.
LEICESTER.—Mr. P. Harratt, 53, Grove Rd.
BURNLEY, LANCS.—Mrs. E. Manning, 57, Pentre St.
KIRKBY-IN-ASHFIELD, NOTTS.—Mrs. M. Morrell, 92, Vernon Rd.
HALIFAX, YORKS.—Mr. A. Hartley, 14, Broad Tree Terrace, Ovendon Rd.
HOVE, SUSSEX.—Mrs. F. L. Roberton, 42, Cowper St.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. M. Newcomb, 37, Denmark St., Heaton.
ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. L. Simmonite, 20, Quarry Hill, Wellgate.
NORWICH, NORFOLK.—Mrs. L. M. Tate, 32, Oak St.
HULL.—Mrs. A. Braithwaite, 197, Albert Avenue, Anlaby Rd.
NR. WARRINGTON, LANCS.—Mr. W. Dakin, 17, Raddon Place, Latchford.
LONDON, W.4.—Mrs. E. E. Bishop, 22, Waldeck Rd., Chiswick.
LONDON, E.12.—Mrs. J. Bentley, 56, Sheridan Rd., Manor Park.
NR. PONTEFRACT, YORKS.—Mr. C. Ball, 4, South View, South Kirkby.
SHINCLIFFE COLLIERY, DURHAM.—Mrs. E. Siswick, Mayfield House.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. G. Smith, 19, Radnor St.
LLANELLY, CARM.—Mr. B. Thomas, 63, Derwent St.
COLCHESTER, ESSEX.—Mrs. L. E. Woollard, 60, West Stockwell St.
BURNLEY, LANCS.—Mr. J. Taylor, 132, Abel St.
LEICESTER.—Mrs. M. Cooke, 9, Nook St., Newfoundpoole.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. S. Barlow, 448, Staniforth Rd., Darnall.
CARDIFF.—Mrs. C. Anzani, 96, Penarth Rd., Grangetown.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. C. M. Allen, 36, Dial Way, Firth Park.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. M. E. Swallow, 9, Ibbotson Rd., Walkley.

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT—John Bull covers you Free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent). .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 25/4/31.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age .....

Address .....

.....

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Name and Address of Newsagent.

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..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 25/4/31.

HEVEA

"MILES BETTER" Tyre
From 3'11 to 7/6
From all Cycle Shops

HEVEA TYRE Co., Ltd., LONDON, N.1.
Works: Hevendorp (Heeza Village), Holland.

GOOD BOOTS & SHOES

THE Graves Footwear Department offers you soundest quality and utmost possible value for money. All sizes of Boots and Shoes for all occasions. We thoroughly understand the wants of all classes of wearers, and know how to combine durability with good appearance and comfort. World's lowest prices. Easy monthly payments. Catalogue and Measure Form free. 50 years reputation for honourable trading.

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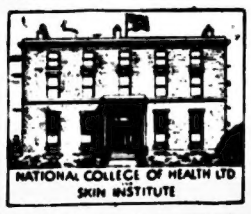
ASTHMA

Sufferers from Asthma find instant relief in this standard remedy of 60 years standing.

4/6 a tin at all chemists.

HIMROD'S
Asthma Cure

PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, SKIN & BLOOD DISEASES.



Thousands of patients bless the day they used the famous Tremol Treatment—the most successful Treatment known for all forms of skin and blood diseases. Under this powerful Treatment Chronic Eczema is conquered, stubborn Psoriasis melts away, disfiguring face eruptions vanish; itching, inflamed, unsightly skin troubles are rapidly cured. There is a reason. Behind the Tremol Treatment is 30 years' practical experience and the Treatment is prescribed and prepared separately for each patient to suit the case. With this powerful Treatment there is no Guesswork, no Experimenting, and no Relapse. No matter how you have suffered, no matter what you have tried, this grand Treatment is sure to bring about your recovery and may save you years of misery. Write to-day for a valuable publication with full particulars of this successful Treatment, which will be sent you free of charge. This publication is of the greatest interest to Sufferers and shows how to bring about your speedy recovery. Address your letter to NATIONAL COLLEGE OF HEALTH, Ltd. and SKIN INSTITUTE (Ward S.C.), 200, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, and you will receive the valuable publication with full particulars by return of post.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT GIFT TO YOU!

HAD YOURS YET?

One Shilling
Gift Voucher
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous "John Bull" Lever Filler 5/- Pen (guaranteed for five years). Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment for each pen.
1
MAY

"John Bull's" Great Threefold Gift Offer is proving tremendously popular. Write for yours to-day.

Cut out voucher opposite, value One Shilling. Post at once, together with postal order for 4/-, plus 6d. to cover postage, packing and insurance (6/6 in all). You will then receive:—

(1) A 5/- "John Bull" Pen fitted with 14-carat gold nib;
(2) A 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil; and
(3) A 24-carat Gold-plated Gillette Razor of the latest pattern.

Name engraved in gold on Pen 6d. extra.

Make p.o. payable to "John Bull," cross /& Co./.

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

WHAT ANÆMIC GIRLS NEED.

Anæmia is the trouble of many girls who, instead of being full of life, are pale, languid, and have no appetite. They get breathless if they hurry, have no energy, and nothing whatever interests them; thus they lose attraction. To be bright, cheerful and full of vitality a girl must have plenty of good rich blood in her veins. The one medicine which will make blood is Dr. Williams' pink pills; their effect upon anæmic girls is wonderful. The improvement becomes apparent in a few days; the appetite improves, backaches and headaches disappear.

Miss D. Holland, a staff maid at the Rose Hotel, Canterbury, Kent, states: "Four years ago I became very anæmic. I was always languid; I felt miserable and depressed, and headaches continually troubled me.

"One day I read about Dr Williams' pink pills, and thought I would try them. After the first few doses I began to eat better and felt more cheerful. I kept on with the pills and steadily regained my strength, and by the time I had taken three boxes of Dr. Williams' pink pills I was like a different girl."

FREE.—No girl should miss reading the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C.E. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

A FREE Gift Book can be obtained by filling in the Coupon on p. 25. Send it Now!

PILES can be definitely cured! Why suffer agony when the wonderful salve, Man Zan, will give instant relief! Soothes, cools and quickly puts an end to the worst cases. Man Zan will end YOUR trouble for good. In easy-to-use tubes, 3/-, fitted with special applicator, from all chemists, or direct (in plain wrapper) from manufacturers on receipt of P.O. Free sample sent on application to E. C. De Witt & Co., Ltd. (Dept. A. 16), Croydon. MAN ZAN

GOOD CLOTHES FOR MEN

Stylish, comfortable SUITS in all the most attractive Cloths, to measure at 45/- 56/- and 63/- Small Deposit and Easy Monthly Payments. 50 years reputation for Good Tailoring, Good Style, Good Fit and Good Quality. Spring and Summer Patterns now ready and Post Free, with simple self measurement form and instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a

15/- Free Gift Coupon

will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE.

Chas. P. Roberts
CYCLE WAREHOUSE, DEP. 24, COVENTRY

Reduce YOUR High

BLOOD PRESSURE

REJUVENATE YOUR ARTERIES.
STRENGTHEN YOUR HEART.
COME OFF THE DANGER LIST.

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are [illegible] unnecessary and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. [illegible] heart action co-ordinated with youth-like [illegible] arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from pain, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and [illegible] makes you it leads to permanent restoration. Get it Now. 20 years younger within 20 days. Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6 (Prescription No. 1168/T). Privately packed and post free at the [illegible]

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 23), 40, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and [illegible] chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order in a few days' notice if requested to do so.

10 RADIO GRAMOPHONES and BIG 'BULLETS' FIRST!

£2 CASH AND WINNER'S RECORDS VALUE £1 ADDED TO EACH PRIZE

YOUR GUARANTEE—These Magnificent Instruments, reproducing Wireless Programmes with fidelity and requiring no electric mains, are the faultless workmanship of Edison Bell Ltd.

THIS 'WIRELESS PROGRAMME' IS REPEATED BY REQUEST OF MANY COMPETITORS

£500

500 PRIZES OF 2/6

£50 10 PRIZES OF £2-10 25 PRIZES OF £1 50 PRIZES OF 10/- GOOD WAGER PRIZES £40

THIS WEEK ONLY!

L.S.D. AND MELODY FOR "BULLETS"

RADIO Gramophones make a triumphant return to the prize-list this week—the result of requests from scores of "Bulleteers."

Ten of these marvellous "Edison Bell" instruments are now awaiting good *Bullets*—and as a winner you will find with satisfaction that your prize is accompanied by £1 worth of records of your own choice and a cheque for £2.

These remarkable awards are in addition to a bumper First of £500, followed by others of £50, £40, and hundreds of further cash prizes. Any of them can be yours for a few well-chosen words written on one of the adjoining coupons.

A *Bullet* is made by adding any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to one of the *Examples* given.

As a specimen, suppose you choose the *Example* TURNING BACK, the added words ON NOBODY, VILLAGE REFEREE, would complete a typical *Bullet*.

For one week only this big opportunity of £500 or a Radio Gramophone is open to you. See that your entry is received by Saturday, May 2, if you want to be in the winning list.

OVER 500 CHEQUES AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £300—COMPETITION No. 798

Mr T. S. Earl, 24, Jesmond Park W., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Example:—FROM THE COUNTRY
Bullet:—GOVERNMENT'S TROUBLES, "FRESH DAILY."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. Poole, 230, Arlington Road, Camden Town, N.W.
Example: It's British, So
Bullet: "Push" It—*Don't* Apologise!

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. R. Bailey, 610, Chorley Old Road, Bolton.
Example: Round And Round
Bullet: Scandal Went—Mangles Didn't.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

J. DUNKERLEY, 26, Ashville Grove, Halifax, Yorks.
Judging By The Row—*Lawyers* Will Win Sweep.

Miss M. HEARN, 10, Cavendish Avenue, Welling, Kent.
It's British, So—Foreigner Reproduces—And Reduces.

G. V. MARTIN, Dale Road, Stanley, Nr. Derby.
Chasing Wealth—Made "Pots"—Became "Crock."

F. NICHOLS, 10, St. Paul's Square, Norwich.
From The Country—Happy Chirps—Bitter Cry

Mrs. H. PARRY, 33, Guildford Road, Canterbury.
Charlie Chaplin—"Tramp" Giving Humanity "Lift"

T. PEPPER, 1, Murdoch Muir, Neilston, N.B.
Always Remember—Happiness Doesn't Just Happen.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

A. PICKERING, "Aintree," Hillcrest View, Vanke, Pitsea, Essex.
Girl With A Smile—April, Preparing June's Dress.

H. J. REYNOLDS, 1, Central Buildings, Westminster, S.W.
Those Who Pass By—Cenotaph, Lift *Heads* Also!

G. N. SMITH, Scio House, Roehampton, S.W.
Warm-hearted Public—(Cheering)—"Who Is It?"

A. E. YOUNG, 87, Hewitt Avenue, Noel Park, London, N.
Round And Round — Hospital — Novice Learnt Driving.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Miss P. M. BURSLEY, Toucan Cafe, Caterham, Surrey.
Makes Life Unbearable—Judge's "Five Years' Plan."

C. DOUCH, Friarmayne, Broadmayne, Dorchester.
All She Lives For—Don't Rob That Nest!

Mrs. M. DRYBURGH, 6, Danube Street, Edinburgh.
Charlie Chaplin—"Dumb Friend" Beating "League."

J. HARRIS, 23, Talbot Avenue, Bristol.
Taking No Risks—"You—You—You Wait!"

E. A. MAPLES, 248, Ashgate Road, Chesterfield.
Girl With A Smile—For Failure, Worth Winning.

J. McLAREN, Archbold Terrace, South Alloa.
After Dark—"*Miaow* Do You Do?"

J. OATES, 16, Ormerod Street, Thornton-le-Fylde, Blackpool.
Chasing Wealth — Obstacle Race — *Avoid* "Barrel."

T. ROBERTS, 33, Maud Street, New Basford, Nottingham.
It's British, So—Everything Guaranteed—Except Sale.

G. Q. ROSS, 62, Mile End Avenue, Aberdeen.
Heaven Knows—You Before "Shown Up."

Miss N. WATSON, 14, Victoria Road, Peckham, S.E.
Charlie Chaplin—"Mute" At "Gloom's Funeral."

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

A list of 500 £1 winners can be seen at these offices.

The original cheque for £4,500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 797 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Wilson, Newsagent, Woodhouse Road, Mansfield, Notts.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 802 usually purchase "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE

FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

Write Name and Address clearly.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 10, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

(*Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets" entry.*)

Examples for Competition No. 802

FUTURE GOVERNMENT	POPPING UP AGAIN	OPENING THE DOOR
CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM	SPRING POET	COUNTING HIS BLESSINGS
TAXING OUR STRENGTH	TURNING BACK	SELFISHNESS
OUGHT TO BE SHOT	AFRAID TO SPEAK	IN A MESS
HARDLY REASONABLE	OFF THEY DROVE AND	SPLITTING
BE A MAN AND	GIRL IN THE OFFICE	PAYS EVERYBODY
WHAT REALLY MATTERS	STOPPED THE ROW	WON'T TAKE PLACE
HIDDEN PERIL	SLOWLY	SNOW'S ME'S A CAD
THANKS TO GRANDPA	PLACE IN THE SUN	OVERSTEPPING THE MARK
WHEN THINGS GET LIVELY	LIKE A HERO	I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT
SENT ABROAD	WOMEN'S SHARE	

Example_____ Closing SAT. May 2
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(802) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address_____

Example_____ Closing SAT. May 2
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(802) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address_____

Example_____ Closing SAT. May 2
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(802) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address_____

Example_____ Closing SAT. May 2
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(802) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address_____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 802, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

ANOTHER GIANT FIRST £1000 FOR NEXT WEEK ONLY!

HERE IS

POWER

FOR YOUR WIRELESS

Use a High Tension Accumulator and overcome your difficulties with dry batteries or household supply.

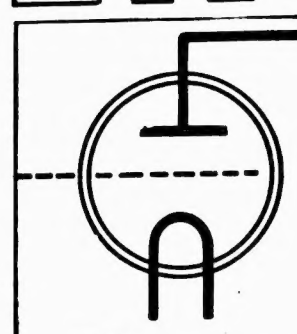
A High Tension Accumulator is cheaper in the long run than dry batteries which require constant renewal and give good results for only short periods.

High Tension Supply from household mains is liable to fluctuation and variation causing crackling and buzzing and imperfect reception.

The only way to get perfect results from your set is to use a High Tension Accumulator. Try one and see.

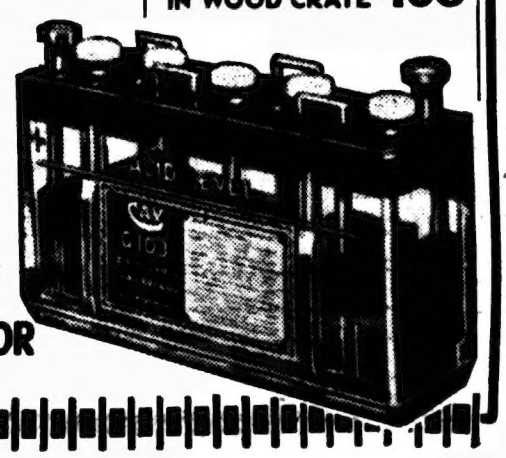
C.A.V. Accumulators Ltd. ACTON LONDON W3

Our Catalogue No. D.4. gives all the information you may desire and a copy will be sent immediately upon application.



TYPE G103
10-VOLT UNIT
5,000 Milliamp. Hrs
6/6
60 VOLT GROUP IN WOOD CRATE 46/6

THE C.A.V. GLASS H.T. ACCUMULATOR



"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs, we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

See John Bull's "Shop Window" & Small Ads. on Pages 2, 3 & 12

£1,100 Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 109.

Correct solutions in the above contest were received from the following three competitors, who share the £1,000 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £333 6s. 8d. will be despatched:—

J. Falk, 101, Oversetts Road, Newhall, Burton-on-Trent.
Mrs. E. Kirkwood, 65, Bertram Crescent, Pendover, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Mrs. Tregoning, High Street, Carrickfergus.

Solutions containing one error were received from the following 27 competitors, who share the Second Prize of £100, each receiving £3 14s. 1d.:—

Bowen, W., 7, Drews Holloway, Cradley Heath, Staffs; Broomhead, Mrs. F., 36, Fields New Rd., Chadderton, Oldham; Canter, Miss E., 57, Virginia Rd., Thornton Heath, Surrey; Chetwynd, Miss O., Baddesley Ensor Atherstone, Warwickshire; Cunningham, Mrs., 38, Westmuir St., Parkhead, Glasgow; Davies, Mrs. D. S., 4, Park Drive, Shewen, Nr. Neath, Glam.; Golding, S. W., 1, Ernest Cottages, Ewell, Surrey; Goodrich, F., 13, Ryle Rd., Sheffield; Hackett, A., 5, Holroyd Place, Peel St., Pendleton; Hill, Miss V., 48, Bradford Terr., Birches Head, Hanley, Staffs; Holmes, W., Vale, Guernsey; Ibbetson, C., 16, Well St., Haworth, Nr. Keighley, Yorks; Kirby, R., 38, Wenning St., Nelson, Lancs; Knight, P., 53, Brough St., Sheffield; Lockett, Mrs., 23, Old Hall Street, Dukinfield, Ches.; Mullard, Mrs., 1, Brook Cottages, Broughton, Preston, Lancs; Neal, A., 15, Arthur Rd., Newbury, Berks; Overton, Miss E., 137, Park Lane, Low Hill, Wolverhampton; Packwood, Mrs. M. A., 43, Wellingboro Rd., Earls Barton, Northants; Paul, Mrs. A., 2, Colne Rd., Trawden, Colne; Roberts, Mrs. S. A., 48, Kensington Rd., Southport; Sellors, G., 12, Victoria St., Great Chesterfield; Smart, Mrs. A., 34, Colwyn Crescent, Kingsley Rd., Hounslow, E. Middx.; Stones, G., 5, Hartley St., Oswaldtwistle; Sutcliffe, Mrs., C., 87, Grosvenor St., Stalybridge, Ches.; Try, Miss M., 8, Claude St., Nr. Crumpsall, Manchester; Wotherspoon, A., Mavis Bank, Selkirk Scotland.

Another £1,100 X-Word appears on Page 32. Try Your Skill Now!

You Say "Yeast-Vite IS LIFE!" I Say "Yeast-Vite IS YOUTH!"

27, Doughty Street, London, W.C.1.

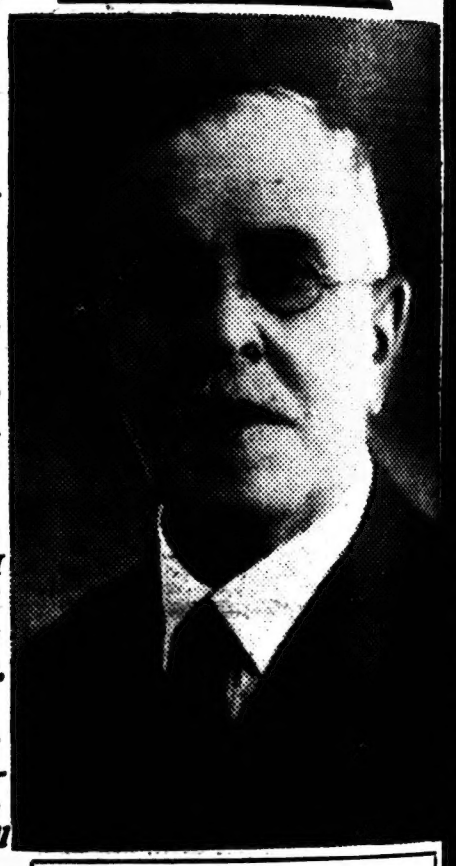
Gentlemen,

You say "Yeast-Vite" is Life! I say "Yeast-Vite" is Youth.

Although I am 78 years of age, I feel as fit as a fiddle. I can still enjoy life, still work, still wake up Cheery and Bright in the morning looking forward to the day's occupations. I can still go to bed at night assured of Deep Refreshing Sleep. Aches and Pains never trouble me. For this I have to thank "Yeast-Vite." Some time ago I felt that I was growing "old." Then I began to take "Yeast-Vite." Now I feel that I am growing "young." Therefore I repeat, "Yeast-Vite" is Youth.

Many thanks for your really Wonderful Quick Tonic. I recommend it to all who feel they are growing "old" or are in Ill Health.—Yours sincerely,

(Signed) Geo. Wallace,



Mr. Wallace, 78 years of age, and still enjoying life—thanks to "Yeast-Vite." Read his letter.

"Yeast-Vite" RELIEVES

NERVE PAINS	IN	5/15 MINS.
HEADACHES	IN	5/15 MINS.
LASSITUDE	IN	10/20 MINS.
DEPRESSION	IN	10/20 MINS.
"NERVES"	IN	10/20 MINS.
INDIGESTION	IN	15/30 MINS.
EXHAUSTION	IN	15/30 MINS.
SLEEPLESSNESS	IN	30/60 MINS.
RHEUMATISM	IN	24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION	IN	36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	IN	36 HOURS

OUR SECRET

Yeast-Vite is an accurate Scientific combination of Pure Medicinal Yeast Saccharomycetis Cerevisiæ) Vitamins (especially the All-important Health Vitamin B), and other Tonic Ingredients as prescribed by Leading Specialists.

NO CURE NO PAY!

£5,000 GUARANTEE

Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite Brand Tonic Tablets from Any Chemist. Try the Treatment AT OUR RISK, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, Herts, and your money will be refunded in full without quibble or question, under our £5,000 Guarantee!

'Yeast-Vite' Brand Tonic Tablets

FROM ALL CHEMISTS, 1/3, 3/-, & 5/- Per Bottle

No proprietary rights are claimed in the method of manufacture or formula other than the registered trade mark "Yeast-Vite." T.C.B.

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